

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1848.

THE RESCUE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS the reader will undoubtedly pronounce an interesting picture. It represents the escape, or rescue, of John Wesley, when a boy of six years old, from the flames of Epworth mansion, the residence of his father. The story is familiar to most readers; but, because there are some items in dispute, and for the better illustration of the picture, I give the historical account, as related by Mr. Southey:

"Epworth is a market-town in the Lindsay division of Lincolnshire, irregularly built, and containing, at that time, in its parish, about two thousand persons. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in the culture and preparation of hemp and flax, in spinning these articles, and in the manufactory of sacking and bagging. Mr. Wesley found his parishioners in a profligate state; and the zeal with which he discharged his duty in admonishing them of their sins, excited a spirit of diabolical hatred in those whom it failed to reclaim. Some of these wretches twice attempted to set his house on fire, without success: they succeeded in a third attempt. At midnight some pieces of burning wood fell from the roof upon the bed in which one of the children lay, and burnt her feet. Before she could give the alarm, Mr. Wesley was roused by a cry of fire from the street: little imagining that it was in his own house, he opened the door, and found it full of smoke, and that the roof was already burnt through. His wife, being ill at the time, slept apart from him, and in a separate room. Bidding her and the two eldest girls rise and shift for their lives, he burst open the nursery door, where the maid was sleeping with five children. She snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her; the three elder did so, but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened by all this, and in the alarm and confusion he was forgotten. By the time they reached the hall, the flames had spread everywhere around them, and Mr. Wesley then found that the keys of the house-door were above stairs. He ran and recovered them a minute before the stair-case took fire. When the door was opened, a strong northeast wind drove

in the flames with such violence from the side of the house, that it was impossible to stand against them. Some of the children got through the windows, and others through a little door into the garden. Mrs. Wesley could not reach the garden door, and was not in a condition to climb to the windows: after three times attempting to face the flames, and shrinking as often from their force, she besought Christ to preserve her, if it was his will, from that dreadful death: she then, to use her own expression, *waded* through the fire, and escaped into the street, naked as she was, with some slight scorching of the hands and face. At this time, John, who had not been remembered till that moment, was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed, that they could not bear his weight, and being utterly in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and thinking it was day, called to the maid to take him up; but as no one answered, he opened the curtains, and saw streaks of fire upon the top of the room. He ran to the door, and finding it impossible to escape that way, climbed upon a chest which stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder, but it was happily a low house: one man was hoisted upon the shoulders of another, and could then reach the window, so as to take him out: a moment later and it would have been too late: the whole roof fell in, and had it not fallen inward, they must all have been crushed together. When the child was carried out to the house where his parents were, the father cried out, 'Come neighbors, let us kneel down: let us give thanks to God! he has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough.' John Wesley remembered this providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude. In reference to it he had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of his portraits, with these words for the motto, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?'"

The description by Mr. Southey we think graphic, and the artist, with equal skill, has rendered his picture life-like and deeply impressive.

## JESSE WALKER.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THE name of Jesse Walker will secure a careful reading of this article, however imperfectly it may reflect his person and character. Among the people of the west, where he was a noted pioneer, it will awaken the memory of thousands to incidents not only of stirring interest, but occasionally bordering upon moral sublimity. Having emigrated, with his family, from North Carolina to Tennessee, about the close of the last or beginning of the present century, he was for some time employed in dressing deer leather, an article then in great demand, being much used for gloves, moccasins, pants, vests, hunting-shirts, &c. No substitute for this early staple of the west has ever been imported from England or France, nor manufactured in America to excel it in durability or comfort. Of course the business of the "skin-dresser," as he was sometimes familiarly called, placed him upon ground, in his day, similar to that now occupied by respectable manufacturers of woolen and cotton goods.

That readers may form some faint idea of the personal appearance of our hero, let them suppose a man about five feet six or seven inches high, of rather slender form, with a sallow complexion, light hair, small blue eyes, prominent cheek bones, and pleasant countenance, dressed in drab-colored clothes made in the plain style peculiar to the early Methodist preachers, his neck secured with a white cravat, and his head covered with a light-colored beaver nearly as large as a lady's parasol, and they will see Jesse Walker as if spread out on canvas before them.

As to his mental endowments, he was without education, except the elementary branches of English imperfectly acquired, but favored with a good share of common sense, cultivated some by reading, but much more by practical intercourse with society, and enriched with a vast fund of incidents, peculiar to a frontier life, which he communicated with much ease and force. His conversational talent, his tact in narrative, his spicy manner, and almost endless variety of religious anecdotes, rendered him an object of attraction in social life. Unaccustomed to expressing his thoughts on paper, he kept his journal in his mind, by which means his memory, naturally retentive, was much strengthened, and his resources for the entertainment of friends increased. He introduced himself among strangers with much facility, and so soon as they became acquainted with him, his social habits, good temper, unaffected simplicity, and great suavity of manners, for a backwoodsman, made them his fast friends. As a pulpit orator he was certainly not above mediocrity, if up to it; but his zeal was ardent, his moral courage firm, his piety exemplary, and his perseverance in whatever he undertook was indefatigable. Consequently, by the

blessing of God upon his labors, he was enabled, in the third of a century, to accomplish incalculable good as a traveling preacher.

My object, in this article, is not to write a journal of Jesse Walker's ministerial life, but to rescue from oblivion a few incidents thereof, which he narrated to me as we journeyed together on horseback to the General conference in Baltimore, in 1824, he being then a delegate from Missouri conference, and I a delegate from Kentucky. Those incidents made a strong impression upon my mind as he recited them. Subsequently I heard him repeat them to others; and having related them occasionally myself, I believe I can write them out substantially as he told them. It is possible that some of those events, in part, may have been published through other channels, but I shall follow my own recollection of them, as they came fresh from the original source.

It appears, from the printed Minutes, that Jesse Walker was admitted as a traveling preacher in the Western conference in 1802, and appointed alone to the Red river circuit, in Tennessee, and that the next three years he was on Livingston and Hartford circuits, in Kentucky. In 1806, he was appointed to Illinois. The work had no designation on the Minutes but Illinois. Of course it was a mission embracing the entire population of that territory, and it was under the superintendence of Rev. William M'Kendree, afterward bishop, but then presiding elder of Cumberland district. Between Kentucky and the interior of Illinois was then a wilderness, and to reach the mission was difficult. The enterprising M'Kendree determined to accompany the missionary through the wilderness, and aid him in forming his plan and commencing the work. They put off together on horseback, camped in the wild woods every night, roasted their own meat, and slept on their saddle-blankets under the open canopy of heaven. Their chief difficulty was in crossing the swollen streams. It was a time of much rain, the channels were full to overflowing, and no less than seven times their horses swam the rapid streams with their riders and baggage; but the passengers, by carrying their saddle-bags on their shoulders, kept their Bibles and part of their clothes above the water. This was truly a perilous business. At night they had opportunity, not only of drying off and resting, but of prayer and Christian converse. In due time they reached their destination safely. Mr. M'Kendree remained a few weeks, visited the principal neighborhoods, aided in forming a plan of appointments for the mission; and the new settlers received them both with much favor. After preaching near a place called Turkey hill, a gentleman said to Mr. M'Kendree, "Sir, I am convinced there is a divine influence in your religion; for though I have resided here some years, and have done all within my power to gain the confidence and good-will of my neighbors, you have already many more friends here than



I have." It is presumed that the presiding elder went next to Missouri to visit a mission there.

Jesse Walker, though left alone in his new field of labor, was not discouraged. After pursuing the regular plan of appointments till the winter closed in severely upon him, he suspended that plan from necessity, and commenced operating from house to house, or, rather, from cabin to cabin, passing none without calling and delivering his Gospel message. He went by the openings of Providence, and took shelter for the night wherever he could obtain it, so as to resume his labor early next day; and continued this course of toil till the winter broke. The result of this movement was a general revival with the opening spring, when the people were able to reassemble, and he resumed his regular plan. Shortly after this, a young preacher was sent to his relief; and being thus reinforced, Jesse determined to include, in the plan of the summer's campaign, a camp meeting, which was the more proper, because the people had no convenient place of worship but the shady forest. The site selected was near a beautiful spring of pure water. All friends of the enterprise were invited to meet upon the spot on a certain day, with axes, saws, augers, hammers, &c., for the work of preparation. The ground was cleared off and dedicated by prayer as a place of public worship. Jesse took the lead as boss of the work; and tents, seats, and pulpit were all arranged before the congregation assembled. It was the first experiment of the kind in that country; but it worked well, admirably well. After the public services commenced, there was no dispute among preachers or people as to the choice of pulpit orators. The senior preached and the junior exhorted, then the junior preached and the senior exhorted, and so on through the meeting of several days and nights, the intervals between sermons being occupied with prayer and praise. They had no need of night guards, or even managers, to keep order. The congregation, gathered from a sparse population, was of course limited; no populous city was near to disgorge its rabble upon them; and there was a divine power resting upon the people, which bore down all opposition, and awed every soul into reverence. Early in the meeting, a young lady of influence, sister-in-law of the territorial judge sent out by the general government, was so powerfully converted, that her shouts of joy and triumph broke the silence of all the surrounding forest, and sent a thrilling sensation through every heart in the encampment. This example of the power of saving grace cheered on the soldiers of the cross, and inspired all with confidence of success. After operating till, as Jesse Walker expressed it, "the last stick of timber was used up," that is, till the last sinner left on the ground was converted, the meeting adjourned.

The impulse which the work received from that camp meeting was such, that it extended through most of the settlements embraced in the mission,

which was constantly extending its borders as the people moved into the territory. Jesse visited one neighborhood near the Illinois river, containing some sixty or seventy souls. They all came to hear him; and having preached three successive days, he read the General Rules, and proposed that as many of them as desired to unite to serve God according to the Bible, as expressed in those Rules, should come forward and make it known. The most prominent man among them rose to his feet and said, "Sir, I trust we will all unite with you to serve God here;" then walked forward, and all the rest followed. As the result of his first year's experiment in Illinois, two hundred and eighteen Church members were reported in the printed Minutes.

Jesse Walker's next field of labor was Missouri, which, as may be supposed, was similar to that of Illinois. From that time forward he operated alternately in the two territories, till 1812, when he was appointed presiding elder of the Illinois district, which, however, included all the ground then occupied both in Illinois and Missouri. That was an ample field for the exercise of all his zeal. The old Western conference having been divided, in 1812, into Ohio and Tennessee conferences, the Illinois and Missouri work pertained to the latter. He was continued on districts in the two territories till 1819, when he was appointed conference missionary, to form new fields of labor among the destitute, or, as they used to say, "to break up new ground"—a work to which he was peculiarly adapted, both by nature and grace, and in which he continued to be employed for many years.

In 1820, our veteran pioneer formed the purpose, at once bold and benevolent, of planting the standard of Methodism in St. Louis, Mo., where, previously, Methodist preachers had found no rest for the soles of their feet, the early inhabitants from Spain and France, being utterly opposed to our Protestant principles, and especially to Methodism. He commenced laying the train at conference, appointed a time to open the campaign and begin the siege, and engaged two young preachers, of undoubted zeal and courage, such as he believed would stand by him "to the bitter end," to meet him at a given time and place, and to aid him in the difficult enterprise. Punctual to their engagement, they all met, and proceeded to the city together. When they reached St. Louis, the territorial legislature was there in session; and every public place appeared to be full. The missionaries preferred private lodgings, but could obtain none. When they announced their profession, and the object of their visit, no one appeared to show the slightest sympathy with them. Some laughed at, and others cursed them to their face. Thus embarrassed at every point, they rode into the public square, and held a consultation on their horses. The prospect was gloomy; no open door could be found; every avenue seemed to be closed against them.

The young preachers expressed strong doubts as to their being in the order of Providence. Their leader tried to rally and encourage them, but in vain. They thought the Lord had no work there for them to do, or there would be some way to get to it. Instead of a kind reception, such as they had been accustomed to elsewhere, they were not only denied all courtesy, but turned off at every point with insult. As might be expected, under these circumstances, they thought it best to return whence they came immediately; and though their elder brother entreated them not to leave him, they deliberately brushed off the dust of their feet, for a testimony against the wicked city, as the Savior had directed his disciples to do in similar cases, and taking leave of father Walker, rode off and left him sitting on his horse. These were excellent young ministers, and, in view of the treatment they had met with, no blame was attached to them for leaving. Perhaps that hour brought with it more of the feeling of despondency to the veteran pioneer than he ever experienced in any other hour of his eventful life; and, stung with disappointment, he said, in his haste, "I will go to the state of Mississippi, and hunt up the lost sheep of the house of Israel," reined his horse in that direction, and with a sorrowful heart rode off alone.

Having proceeded about eighteen miles, constantly ruminating, with anguish of spirit, upon his unexpected failure, and lifting his heart to God in prayer for help and direction, he came to a halt, and entered into a soliloquy on this wise, "Was I ever defeated before in this blessed work? Never. Did any one ever trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and get confounded? No; and, by the grace of God, I will go back and take St. Louis." Then, reversing his course, without seeking either rest or refreshment for man or beast, he immediately, and with all convenient haste, retraced his steps to the city, and, with some difficulty, obtained lodging in an indifferent tavern, where he paid at the highest rate for every thing. Next morning he commenced a survey of the city and its inhabitants, it being his first object to ascertain whether any Methodist, from distant parts, had been attracted there by a prospect of business, who might be of service to him. Finally he heard of one man, who, by rumor, was said to be a Methodist, and went directly to his shop, inquired for him by name, there being several persons present, and he was pointed out, when the following conversation was held: "Sir, my name is Walker; I am a Methodist preacher; and being told that you were a Methodist, I have taken the liberty to call on you." The man blushed, and, with evident confusion, called the preacher one side, and said, "I was a Methodist once, before I came here; but finding no brethren in St. Louis, I never reported myself, and do not now consider myself a member; nor do I wish such a report to get out, lest it injure me in my business." The missionary, finding him

ashamed of his name, concluded he was worthless, and left him.

While passing about the city, he met with some members of the territorial legislature, who knew him, and said, "Why, father Walker, what has brought you here?" His answer was, "I have come to take St. Louis." They thought it a hopeless undertaking, and, to convince him, remarked, that the inhabitants were mostly Catholics and infidels, very dissipated and wicked, and there was no probability that a Methodist preacher could obtain any access to them, and seriously advised him to abandon the enterprise, and return to his family, then residing in Illinois. But to all such suggestions and dissuasions, Jesse returned one answer: "I have come, in the name of Christ, to take St. Louis, and, by the grace of God, I will do it."

His first public experiment was in a temporary place of worship occupied by a few Baptists. There were, however, but few present. Nothing special occurred, and he obtained leave to preach again. During the second effort there were strong indications of religious excitement; and the Baptists, fearing their craft was in danger, closed their doors against him. He next found a large but unfinished dwelling-house, inquired for the proprietor, and succeeded in renting it as it was for ten dollars a month. Passing by the public square, he saw some old benches stacked away by the end of the court-house, it having been recently refitted with new ones. These he obtained from the commissioner, had them put on a dray and removed to his hired house; borrowed tools, and repaired, with his own hands, such as were broken, and fitted up his largest room for a place of worship. After completing his arrangements, he commenced preaching regularly twice on the Sabbath, and occasionally in the evenings between the Sabbaths. At the same time, he gave notice, that, if there were any poor parents who wished their children taught to spell and read, he would teach them five days in a week, without fee or reward; and if there were any who wished their servants to learn, he would teach them, on the same terms, in the evenings. In order to be always on the spot, and to curtail his heavy expenses, which he had no certain means of meeting, he took up his abode and kept bachelor's hall in his own hired house. The chapel room was soon filled with hearers, and the school with children. Some of the better class of citizens insisted on sending their children to encourage the school, and paying for the privilege; and to accommodate them, and render the school more useful, he hired a young man, more competent than himself, to assist in teaching. In the meantime he went to visit his family, and returned with a horse-load of provisions and bedding, determined to remain there and push the work till something was accomplished. Very soon a work of grace commenced, first among the colored people, then among



the poorer class of whites, and gradually ascended in its course till it reached the more intelligent and influential, and the prospect became truly encouraging.

About this time an event transpired, which seemed at first to be against the success of his mission, but which eventuated in its favor. The work of death caused the hired house to change hands; and he was notified to vacate it in a short time. Immediately he conceived a plan for building a small frame chapel; and, without knowing where the funds were to come from, but trusting in Providence, put the work under contract. Jesse was to furnish the materials, and the carpenter to have a given sum for the work. A citizen owning land across the Mississippi gave him leave to take the lumber from his forest as a donation, and when he started with his choppers and hewers, followed them to the boat, and had them ferried over from time to time at his expense. Soon the chapel was raised and covered; the ladies paid the expense of building a pulpit; and the vestry-men of a small Episcopal church, then without a minister, made him a present of their old Bible and cushion. They also gave him their slips, which he accepted on condition of their being free; and having unscrewed the shutters, and laid them by, he lost no time in transferring the open slips to his new chapel. New friends came to his relief in meeting his contracts; the chapel was finished, and opened for public worship, and was well filled; the revival received a fresh impulse; and, as the result of the first year's experiment, he reported to conference a snug little chapel erected and paid for, a flourishing school, and seventy Church members in St. Louis. Of course he was next year regularly appointed to that mission station, but without any missionary appropriation, and considered it an honorable appointment. Thus "father Walker," as every one about the city called him, succeeded in taking St. Louis, which, as he expressed it, had been "the very fountain-head of devilism." Some idea of the change there had been effected for the better may be inferred from the fact, that Missouri conference held its session in the city, October 24, 1822, when our most excellent and lamented brother, William Beauchamp, was appointed successor of the indefatigable Walker. St. Louis is now a large and flourishing city, well supplied with churches and a church-going people.

Jesse Walker was continued conference missionary, and in 1823 began to turn his special attention to the Indian tribes up the Mississippi. When he reached their villages, he learned that most of them had gone a great distance to make their fall's hunt. Not a whit discouraged by this disappointment, he procured a bag of corn and an interpreter, and set off in pursuit of them, crossing the Mississippi in a canoe, and swimming his horse by the side of it. After a difficult and wearisome journey, they reached one cluster of camps, on the bank of a small stream,

about the dusk of the evening. When they first rode up, an Indian, who knew the interpreter, said, "Who is this with you, a Quaker?" "No." "A minister?" "Yes." Word was conveyed to the chief, a tall, dignified man, who came out and gave them a welcome reception, secured their horses, with ropes, to the trees, with his own hands, and then showed them into his own camp, which was a temporary hut, with flat logs laid round inside for seats, and a fire in the centre, and, in his own Indian style, introduced them to his wife, who received them kindly, and entertained them cheerfully.

The chief, learning that his white guest wished to hold a talk with him and his people, sent notice to the neighboring camps of a council to be held in his lodge that evening. In the meantime, the chief's wife prepared a repast for the occasion, consisting of broth, enriched with venison and opossum, served up in wooden bowls. After the council convened, and each member was seated, with his dog lying under his knees, the chief's wife handed the first bowl of meat and broth to her husband, the second to the missionary, and then went round according to seniority till all were served. Each man having picked his bone, gave it to his own dog to crack, which knew the rules of the council better than to leave his place behind his master's feet before the feast was ended. Next the tomahawk pipe of peace passed round, each taking his whiff in turn. This ceremony over, the chief struck the blade of the instrument into the ground, and inquired what was the object of the meeting. Jesse informed him that he had come a long journey to bring them the book which the Great Spirit had sent to all his children, both white and red, and to ascertain whether they would allow him to establish a school among them and teach their children to read it. So saying, he handed a Bible to the chief, who examined it deliberately and carefully, as a great curiosity, and then passed it round till every member of the council, in his proper place, had done the same. After examining the Bible, the chief rose and replied as follows: "The white children's Father had given them a book, and they would do well to mind what it told them; but they doubted whether it was intended for his red children. However, as some of their older men were absent, they could not then decide the matter; but, in a few days, they would hold a larger council, and then give him an answer." The result of the second council was leave to establish a mission school. Having settled this matter to his mind, Jesse returned to make preparation for the mission, and to attend the General conference next spring at Baltimore, leaving a pledge that he would visit them next summer, and commence operation in their villages. After he had proceeded nearly a day's journey from the camps, a messenger came galloping after him, and said, "The chiefs have sent me to tell you to be sure to come back next summer," which he again

promised to do. While on his way to Baltimore, he called on the Secretary of War, at Washington City, and obtained his sanction to go on with the mission.

Here his verbal narrative ceased. The Minutes of the Missouri conference, for 1824, contain this entry: "Jesse Walker, missionary to the Missouri conference, whose attention is particularly directed to the Indians within the bounds of said conference." But few men, even of his day, performed more hard labor, or endured more privations, than Jesse Walker, and certainly no one performed his part with more cheerfulness or perseverance. While his ashes quietly sleep near Chicago, Ill., his spirit is with Christ above.

#### ISAAC BLESSING JACOB INSTEAD OF ESAU.

BY REV. J. F. DURBIN, D. D.

As the sun went down amid "the isles of the sea," and gilded, with his last beams, the tents of Isaac, on the plains of Beersheba, the patriarch retired to his couch to rest. The infirmities of more than a hundred years were upon him, and a dreadful malady threatened his speedy dissolution. His slumbers were disturbed, and the indistinct visions of the future fortunes of his family crowded upon his restless and apprehensive spirit. He had retained in his own hands the patriarchate of his people, which, in those early days, carried with it the priesthood and the prophetic office. These usually descended to the eldest son, but not necessarily, without the dying blessing of the father. This precious treasure was still in the hands of Isaac, and his thoughts dwelt, during the restless hours of the night, upon the manly form and active and independent spirit of Esau, his eldest son, to whom he resolved to communicate, as quickly as possible, the patriarchal powers and privileges.

The morning sun had scarcely risen above the mountains of Moab, when the infirm old patriarch drew aside the curtain of his tent to call Esau. But the young man was already on duty at the door, awaiting the commands of his father, who said, "My son, behold now, I am old, I know not the day of my death: now, therefore, take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison; and make me savory meat, such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat; that my soul may bless thee before I die." With a bounding heart, Esau departed to the fields in pursuit of the timid and fleet gazelle, which he had often brought down with his bow in the chase.\*

\* "Having paused to cast a last look down into the Arabah, and beyond to the mountains of Edom and the tomb of Aaron, which appeared like a white speck on the top of Mount Hor, we bore northwest for Abraham's Wells at Beersheba. We had gone but a little distance, when four beautiful gazelles

Their feeding-grounds were necessarily beyond the range of the flocks of Isaac, in the edge of the "Desert of Beersheba." Of course Esau was some time absent. The only anxiety this gave his generous spirit was the fear lest his father should become impatient. He little dreamed that his partial and unscrupulous mother had witnessed the early interview between himself and his father, having long been intent upon the movements of Isaac, and eagerly watched for the very first intimation he might give of a purpose to transmit the patriarchal blessing.

Scarcely had Esau disappeared, when Rebecca called Jacob, and, having rehearsed what she had heard, said, "Now, therefore, my son, obey my voice, according to that which I command thee. Go now to the flock, and fetch me from thence two good kids of the goats; and I will make them savory meat for thy father, such as he loveth; and thou shalt bring it to thy father, that he may eat, and that he may bless thee before his death."

The crisis in Jacob's life had come. The patriarchal blessing was about to be bestowed by his father, now on the verge of the grave; his rival brother, to whom it naturally belonged, was away on the hunt, in obedience to the command of the father; the old man was alone in his tent, wrapped in prayer and meditation, filling himself full of the prophetic fire, that he might abundantly invest his first-born son with the heavenly unction, and thus constitute him the head and hope of his family; his mother was alternately commanding and entreating him; the sacred and far-reaching blessing of the patriarch, which could be bestowed on but one, and could never be revoked, filled his imagination with unutterable visions of the future greatness and glory which the Abrahamic traditions in the family had led him to cherish; yet he felt there was a terrible risk in the attempt to obtain the blessing which he knew his father had determined to bestow upon his brother, to whom it naturally belonged. He dreaded the blighting curse of his father, in case he should be detected in an attempt to deceive him; and he hesitated, and expressed his apprehensions to his mother.

She, feeling that the whole responsibility of the hazardous transaction rested on her, and that she

were observed on a hillside. Two or three of our men started in pursuit, and in a few minutes we heard the report of a matchlock, and saw one of the gazelles bounding down the hill on three legs, the other being broken by the shot. It was coming directly toward us, and suddenly found itself hemmed in, when the strange Arab who had joined us at Mount Hor, struck it down with a stone, severed its head from its body in an instant, and bore it away as his part of the spoil. Two Bedouins held it up by the hind legs, while a third stripped the skin off in a few seconds. We purchased it, and had a mess of the same kind of venison which Esau used to take on these hills nearly four thousand years ago, and which his father Isaac loved so well, and for good reason, if it were as well flavored as we found this to be."—OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST, VOL. I, PAGE 201.



had thrown the weight of her maternal authority into the scale of young ambition, determined to accomplish her purpose by relieving the mind of Jacob from the apprehension of the sacred curse, and said, "Upon me be thy curse, my son; only obey my voice."

In the patriarchal times, such a maternal taking of responsibility was considered a sufficient defense against all the effects of the sacred curse. And, as this relieved Jacob from his oppressive apprehensions, and his conscience had not awakened yet to his guilty share in the transaction, he immediately prepared to obey his mother.

While Jacob was gone to take the kids, Rebecca busied herself in preparing the means of deceiving Isaac. Fortunately, the sacerdotal robes of Esau, who, because he was the heir to the priesthood, occasionally served at the altar, under the direction of Isaac, were in her possession, as they belonged to the general interests of the family. They were kept in chests of precious aromatic wood, which, with the spices among them, imparted to them a pungent perfume. These she took and put on Jacob. But Esau was a "hairy man," and Jacob smooth skinned; yet, as Isaac was now quite paralyzed by age and disease, it was an easy matter to deceive his blunted touch by putting the soft skins of the goats on Jacob's hands and neck. Then she quickly prepared the savory meat from the kids' flesh, and put it into his hands. Thus provided by the mother, Jacob advanced to the accomplishment of the fearful and momentous deed. Isaac was still in his tent, occupied with his purpose toward Esau. He had not heard the approaching footsteps of Jacob; and as the curtain was drawn aside, his dim eyes did not see the retiring figure, and dark, concentrated countenance of Rebecca on the edge of the door, without the tent. Then was the crisis of this terribly interesting drama. The desperate, guilty bosom of Rebecca heaved heavily as she watched the success of her plan. The nerves of Jacob were strung to the highest tension, that he might not falter when he uttered the horrible falsehoods necessary to the accomplishment of the purpose. The soul of Isaac was torn alternately by the most painful and pleasing emotions. The time for Esau to return seemed to him not yet come, and a sickening and cruel suspicion of unfairness filled his mind. He said to Jacob, "Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau, or not. And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and he felt him, and said, The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands: so he blessed him. And he said, Art thou my very son Esau? And he said, I am."

The feeble and credulous mind of Isaac fell back on the conclusion, that God had indeed favored his purpose of blessing Esau, and hence had brought

the venison to the young hunter. And, worn out by the intense excitement of the day, he steadied himself in his seat, and did eat of Jacob's savory meat, and drank of his wine, and was refreshed. When the old man's spirits had returned to him, he felt that mysterious oneness of interest with his son Jacob which, in the oriental world, has, from time immemorial, sprung from partaking of another's meat; and he immediately prepared to bestow his blessing upon him of whose venison he had eaten; and he said, "Come near now, and kiss me, my son." And he did so; and then fell upon his knees, and placed his hands in the lap of his father, who, smelling the scent of Esau's raiment upon him, placed his venerable hands on his head, and said, "See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed: therefore, God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine: let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee; be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee: cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee." As the last tremulous words of the feeble old man fell from his lips, he sunk back in his seat, and covering his face with his withered hands, silently turned his dim eyes toward heaven. Jacob hastily retreated, following his mother to her own tent.

Scarcely had they drawn close the curtain, and exchanged a few wavering and guilty glances, when they were startled at the hurried and unnaturally energetic voice of the old patriarch in his tent, as "he trembled very exceedingly, and said, Who art thou? who? where is he that hath taken venison and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest, and have blessed him? yea, and he shall be blessed." Upon uttering these words, a profound and seemingly a paralytic swoon, came over him, from which he was hardly aroused by "the great and exceeding bitter cry" of Esau, saying, "Bless me, even me, O my father! Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?" And he lifted up his voice again and wept.

Esau still knelt before his father, who, when he had overcome the first paroxysm of grief, at the deception which had been practiced on him, said to him, "Behold, I have made Jacob thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants; and with corn and wine have I sustained him: and what shall I do now unto thee, my son? And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father! And Esau lifted up his voice, and wept. And Isaac his father answered, and said unto him, Behold thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above; and by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother: and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

Slowly Esau rose from before his father, and with a sullen but firm step, retired from the tent, saying, in the most profound and threatening accents, "The days of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Jacob." These words were ominous to Jacob's and Rebecca's peace. The hours of retribution were about to come. The guilty mother heard of these words of the injured Esau, and was obliged to urge her son Jacob to fly to Mesopotamia. Next morning he departed with the blessing of his father. But the heart of his mother sunk within her as she caught the last glimpse of him ascending the southern hills of Judea, which overlook the pasture-grounds of Beersheba. She felt that she should see him no more; and retired to her tent and shed tears, but not those which unburden the soul, because they have in them the elements of innocent and confident submission, but tears of apprehension and guilt, which quickly dry themselves up and leave a sting behind.

Twenty years of weariness and fraud did Jacob endure in Haran, while in the service of his uncle Laban. Then he came and made the most abject submission to his brother Esau, whose nobleness of soul was shown in the warm and generous reception he gave him. He lived to see his own family torn with internal dissensions, and finally died in a foreign land, in which his posterity was doomed to the most cruel bondage. Behold the fruits of deception! Yet his own sun set in peace; for from the night in which he wrestled with the angel, on the east of the Jordan, to the day of his death, he was a new man, to indicate which his name was changed from *Jacob*, the supplanter, to *Israel*, a prince of God.

#### PARTING SCENES.

BY REV. W. F. STEWART.

On earth our associations, however pleasant they may be, are transitory and uncertain. I may form an acquaintance with an individual in the crowded stage-coach. Similar tastes, and views, and sympathies, attract our affections toward each other. We spend a few hours in pleasant sociality; and when we arrive at the end of the journey, we press each other's hand in token of the friendship we have formed, and drop a tear expressive of the pain of parting.

Neighbors live near together for many years. They are acquainted with each other's temperaments, and joys, and prospects. Their children attend the same school, visit the same church, and circulate in the same society, until they have become as kindred. One of the families conclude to emigrate to a new country, where they may increase the size of their farm, and extend their industrial operations. The little homestead, with its stock and implements of husbandry, are sold. The few house-

hold goods to be moved are packed and loaded, and the time for starting has come. The neighbor family are there to give them an expression of their kind wishes for their prosperity, and hearty sorrow for their removal. The eyes of the aged parents of the families discover no tears, but a heavy cloud hangs upon their furrowed brows. The younger persons embrace each other with affection, and give full vent to the sighs and tears which are waking up for utterance; the children catch the contagion, and, without knowing why, their tears flow as freely as those of the others.

But now we shall view a sadder scene: it is the separation of children from the parental home. The daughter has enjoyed the kind attention of affectionate parents from childhood. When advanced to the interesting age of fifteen, she is sent to the boarding school; and three years pass away in the rapid acquisition of the necessary and ornamental branches of a liberal education. She returns to her home, the pride of her parents, and the admired of her youthful associates. Her parents now see her happily joined in the sacred bands of wedlock to one of the most gifted, and polished, and pious young men of the country. The festivities of the occasion present a scene of felicity most exquisite. Soon the youthful husband's pious heart is impressed with the thought that his heavenly Master has set him apart to labor in his vineyard—to do a special work—to carry the Gospel to the benighted heathen. When he thinks of his family associations, and his delightful home, the flesh falters; but while slumbering in his bed, in the stillness and darkness of midnight's hour, the destitution and misery of the heathen world is painted before his vision. He stands upon the banks of the Nile, and sees the deluded mother snatch her smiling babe from her breast, imprint a kiss upon its infant face, and then throw it to the monster of the deep. He stands upon the Hindoo plain, and beholds the car of Juggernaut crushing the prostrate bodies of its devoted worshipers. He stands by the funeral pile in India while the dead husband and the living wife are consumed together. And as his heart bleeds at beholding such scenes, a voice breaks upon his ear, "Go, take them the tidings of a Savior's death." Waking, he finds it but a dream. But the touching scenes and solemn commission of the night haunt him by day, and visit him again in the visions of the night succeeding. His language now becomes, "Woe is me if I carry them not the Gospel." He opens his heart to his youthful companion. A momentary tremor passes over her delicate frame, a silent tear drops from her eye, and she falls upon her knees by his side. Long and fervently does she pray for wisdom to direct and grace to support. And while she remains in audience with the Deity, the wretchedness of the Pagan world passes in review before her, and the greatness, and importance, and blessedness of the work is



written upon her heart. She arises from her knees with a calm and quiet spirit, and the first words which break from her lips are, "I am now ready to go." Soon a mission field is assigned them, and the morning of embarkation has come. A crowd of spectators have assembled, and the parents of the youthful missionaries are there. They, not having felt those solemn impressions, and not alive to the greatness and sublimity of the work, look only at the dangers and difficulties to which they will be exposed. Sea storms and shipwrecks on the journey, or epidemics, cannibals, and martyrdom, in the mission field, pass gloomily before the fevered imagination of the afflicted parents. But the missionary spirit has taken full possession of the youthful pair. They listen attentively to all the expostulations of parents and friends; but answer, with firmness and tearful affection, "None of these things move us, neither count we our lives dear unto us, so that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry which is committed to us." The parting hymn is sung—the parting prayer is offered up—the parting farewell is uttered; and, as the parting benediction follows the mission-ship, she has weighed anchor, her sails are spread, and she is bounding over the deep. The rising curve of liquid blue intercepts the vision of each from the other. The missionaries are on their way, and their friends are weeping at home.

There is another parting scene which is sadder still than these: it is the sinner's separation from the things of earth. He is a man of pleasure. He has succeeded in the accumulation of wealth, and has gathered around him a numerous train of courtiers and admirers. His family is inducted into the most desirable circles of fashionable society. They are clad in gold, and pearls, and costly array, and their sumptuous fare embraces every delicious viand of the earth. Their days are spent in searching out new channels of pleasure, and their nights in mirthful revelings. But, amid their midnight mirth, the king of terrors makes his entrance, and presents a summons for the governor of the house. Gripping pains and cramping agonies get hold upon him. The dance ceases—the prattle of voices becomes still—the physician is called, and the dreaded cholera is announced. The physician frankly tells the agonized millionaire that his earthly history is nearly closed. And now, for the first time in all his life, does the unhappy man have a true sense of the soul's vast importance, and the world's comparative worthlessness. His utter want of preparation for eternity flashes upon his troubled heart. The richly gilded but long-neglected Bible is called for, and the minister of the Gospel is, for the first time, invited to the gorgeous palace. But, alas! though he brings the consolations of the Gospel, they are brought too late; for, as the disease of the body is now beyond the reach of the doctor's art, so the callous soul is beyond the provisions of conditional mercy. "The

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harvest is past, the summer is ended," and the doom of the man of pleasure is now inevitable. If his memory runs back upon the past, it only calls up a continued scene of ingratitude and crime; or, if his mind cast into the future, the dark grave, the inflexible judgment, and vast eternity, all spread out before him. All in the future is dark, dreadful, and desperate. The eventful moment has come—cordials are presented in vain—the body is convulsed—the heart-strings break, and the deathless spirit lanches into eternity. The family weeps bitterly. They now feel their dependence upon Jehovah, and make to him some solemn vows. They attend a pompous funeral, and are clad in the weeds of mourning for a season. But soon their promises are violated and forgotten, and they dance onward down to hell.

There are parting scenes which are not so sad; but I must not detain you long to paint them now. See the afflicted penitent pressing to the altar of prayer. The world laughs, but the contrite soul cries, "Lord, save, or I perish." The Lord hears, and the burden is removed. Now the regenerated soul shakes hands with sin, and sheds no tear at parting. See again that soul, after many years of labor in the vineyard of the Lord. He has passed through deep waters and fiery trials. His race is nearly run—the last dark wave is breaking against his tottering bark. He has weighed anchor for the port of peace, and, without a parting pang, exclaims:

"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home;  
My Savior smiles, and bids me come:  
All is well! all is well!"

## ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

LADIES, accept with pleasure  
A bouquet rare as bright,  
Designed to deck its wearer  
In tints of mental light.  
Each month presents a tribute,  
So various, choice, and new,  
Rich Flora's blushing gardens,  
Enwrapped in rainbow hue,  
Presents not more attractions,  
On hillock, slope, and lawn,  
Secluded dell and bower,  
In rosy smiles outdrawn.  
Then welcome, Western Gatherer,  
On selective wand'rings bound,  
Return for each fair flow'ret  
Your vase, with chaplets crowned.

"Who reads incessantly, and to his readings brings  
not

A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep read in books, but shallow in himself."

## A CONTRAST.

BY D. M.

IN bringing forward an incident, long past and gone, my object is not to figure as a writer before the public, but to show the power of religion in death, and the horrors of a Deist when "taking a leap in the dark." About eighteen years ago, the writer was attacked with lung fever. A few days after, my old and worthy friend C., was taken with the same disease. At the end of forty days, I recovered so as to be able to visit brother C. When I approached his bed, the aged servant of God extended to me his hand, and with a smile observed, "Brother N., the good Lord has seen fit to let you remain with your little family awhile longer; but for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. My days are finished, my work is done, and my blessed Master calls me home. I could wish to stay a little longer with my family, and with the Church of God, with which I have, for forty-one years, taken sweet counsel; but," said he, his countenance beaming with the love of God, "Jesus will be with them, and in his hands I can trust my family and the Church, yea, and my own soul." I was with him often for the next four days. He was much of that time in a stupor. On visiting him on the day of his departure, he appeared to be far gone in death. His excellent lady observed to me, that she had all confidence in his preparation for death, but that it would have been *such* consolation to her and her family to have received his parting blessing, and to have known that Jesus was with him in crossing over Jordan's cold stream. My faith just then laid hold of Christ, and with an assurance that, to me, has ever seemed strange, I told them that I thought brother C. would talk with us, and tell us of Jesus, and his power to save in death, before his soul would join his elder brethren on Canaan's peaceful shore. Another half hour passed, and the cold hand of Death was heavy upon brother C.; his hands and arms were cold; the cold sweat of death was upon his face; his breathing was faint; and, to all appearance, his end drew nigh. I observed to sister C. that no doubt the angelic host of God were watching, with us, the departure of brother C., to bear him home. At that instant his eyes opened upon us, his countenance shone with a brightness like the sun, and with a strong voice he said: "The angels of God now fill this room, and are visible to me. Heaven is open to my view; I see him who was pierced on the cross; he smiles, and beckons me home. Farewell, brother N., you have been to me a brother on earth. In heaven, I will wait for you. Farewell, dear wife and children." Then extending his cold arms, palsied in death, he embraced and kissed his now almost widowed wife, and bade her meet him in heaven. He then endearingly embraced and kissed his beautiful and pious

daughter, Julia Ann, and blessed her; and to each one then present he bade adieu. Then, with the expression of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," he fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle or a groan.

O, my God, help me to die in Jesus, that I may meet brother C., where he waits for me! Turn we now to another part of the same town. In a well-furnished room lies the talented, the gifted S. He had filled many responsible offices among his countrymen. He was a master Mason, a justice of the peace, and a county commissioner. But, alas! he was a confirmed Deist. He, too, like many others, sought comfort in the "cup of enchantment." He drank health to others, and robbed himself of it. Disease had made rapid inroads upon his constitution. He struggled for life, and hoped to live. Horror-stricken, he saw no bright star of hope beyond the grave. As his disease made rapid progress in destroying his strength, so his mind became more and more wrought up with indescribable horror. His shrieks became frightful and unearthly. Several preachers attended with him, and often tried to point him to Jesus. He always refused to talk upon the subject of death; nor would he suffer them to pray with him. But they prayed for him in secret; but they had no assurance nor answer to their prayers from God. Finally, one Sabbath afternoon, I went to the chamber of the sick man. Before I arrived I heard his horrid shrieks. They were so unearthly, that I could hardly enter the room. His countenance was distorted and frightful. He appeared to behold the fiends of darkness, and shrink from them. He would frequently turn upon us such a ghastly look, that we all would fall back, as if electrified. About ten o'clock in the night he desired brother M., who has long since slept in Jesus, to pray for him. He did so; but received no answer to his prayer. The sick man then uttered a loud and long groan, and desired that a young preacher, who had preached in town that day, should be sent for. While the messenger was gone, the horror-stricken man desired us to turn him in the bed. We did so. He then gave one loud, long, horrid, and, to me, never-to-be-forgotten groan, and the learned, the talented, and the popular S. was no more. That night will never be forgotten by those who surrounded that dying bed, in the then town, now city, of Springfield, Illinois.

## JERUSALEM.

THE following beautiful lines are by Sinclair, a living English poet:

"Around Siloam's ancient tombs  
A solemn grandeur still must be;  
And, O, what mystic meaning looms  
By thy dread summits, Calvary!  
The groaning earth, that felt the shock  
Of mankind's crowning sin and shame,  
Gave up the dead, laid bare the rock,  
For fallen Jerusalem!"



## THE LOVES OF A POET.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

## KLOPSTOCK AND HIS META.

WE left Klopstock at Langensalza, where he was domesticated, as private tutor, in the family of a friend. He continued, meanwhile, the composition of his *Messiah*, and—*fell in love*. An interesting epoch in his life was this; for it called forth at once the warmest affections of his heart, and the best strength of his moral character.

Tacitus records the respect of the ancient Germans for woman. In the modern development of the German mind, the sentiment is stronger than ever. Its literature is imbued, not merely with the gallantry of love, like that of most other nations, but the noble courtesy of the passion, which we associate with the age of chivalry, survives in it, nay, a sort of reverence for the sex which partakes somewhat of the religious sentiment itself. The German poet would recognize in woman a nature distinct from that of man. Her finer organization, quicker perceptions and insight, greater moral courage and purer affections, indicate to him something preter-human, if not divine. She is an angel to him, not only in the ideal affections of poetry, but often in the severer speculations of his philosophy. Klopstock was every inch a German. Young, glowing with the ardor of poetical and religious feeling, the vision of a beautiful, "a tender, holy maid," as he calls her, rose before him in his solitude at Langensalza. He was in love; and though the object of his affection was his own cousin, the sister of his dearest literary friend, Schmidt, and, therefore, one with whom it might be supposed he was on terms of sufficient familiarity to allow of the usual courage and persiflage of youthful courtship, yet, with a true German's heart, he stands at a distance and in silence, loving, reverencing, adoring the "holy maid." His correspondents and friends are made acquainted with his passion, but she knows it not. Beautiful odes to her come glowing from his pen, are received by his distant literary friends, find their way into the magazines, and are sung by maiden lips through Germany, but are unknown to her.

This "heavenly girl," as he often styles her, must have possessed rare charms of both person and mind. In one of his letters to Bodmer he says: "She has a certain character of beauty which distinguishes her from all others. I can no otherwise describe it to you, at present, than by saying that it corresponds with what I have said of her in my songs." In one of these songs he describes her as "young and beautiful," with an "all-powerful, all-subduing look of soul," which he pronounces "an emanation of divinity;" her "every movement speaks the heavenly temper of her mind;" she is "serene as the unruffled air, bright as the dawn, full of simplicity as

nature's self," &c. His letters, about this period, incessantly refer to her. "She is not accessible to me," he says to Bodmer, the translator of Milton, "nor likely to be so; for fortune separates us widely; yet without her I am miserable." His literary friend attempted to console him. The poet replies, "Your letter, the consciousness that my love is exalted and pure, and my sense of religion, prevent my being completely miserable. She knows but little of my sentiments, or, if she has discovered them, she does not let me know it; but she is capable of feeling them all. How would she feel your letter, if I had courage to read it to her; and, if she loved me, how would she look on me with those eyes so full of soul!" He writes a sweet ode to her, but, instead of presenting it, sends it away to his friend in Switzerland, remarking, "She who could best reward it has not seen it, so timid does her apparent insensibility make me;" but beneath this ode are sent, also, some lines from the manuscript of the *Messiah*, rendered notable and endeared because his "beloved critic" made him "read them several times over to her." "O," he exclaims, "how has this heavenly maiden captivated my whole soul! I should, without her, be as unhappy as I am capable of being." Bodmer, fearful that the violence of his feelings might interfere with his health, and the progress of his *Messiah*, writes a letter to her, directed to the care of the poet; but he could not present it. "Much as it delighted me," he says, "much as I wished to be able to give it to her, and much as she herself would have prized it, I had not courage."

A critic wrote an Italian review of his *Messiah*. "Love," he writes, "bids me beg of you to send me the Italian review while I remain here. Perhaps the divine maiden may smile upon those trophies;" and again he writes, "I cannot deny that I am sometimes astonished at the degree of tenderness that I feel for this angelic woman." Her occasional commendation of his writings fills him with rapture. He observes, with deep emotion, that she smiles with pleasure when she hears him praised, and his heart beats with pride when a remark escapes her in which he is compared with Milton.

Well, here was love, downright love, most assuredly; and many a romantic dolt, under similar circumstances, would consider himself in a desperate extremity, with but one alternative—success or suicide. Our poet felt profoundly the "apparent insensibility" of the "angelic woman." "I must await my fate," he says, "though I have never found any thing more difficult." But he found support in his religious principles. "What peace I have hitherto enjoyed," he writes a friend, "has been chiefly the consequence of the following thought: when, by a taste for virtuous deeds, and by some trifling good actions, which to us are not difficult, though to the vulgar they appear so, we have made a show of appearing to be virtuous, then Providence

seizes our whole heart, and puts this great question to us, whether we will *here*, too, submit—whether we will be virtuous even *here*? You see that this is a very comprehensive thought; but yet, when I measure my love against it, I wonder that it has power to support me."

Yet this support would hardly have sufficed, had he not still entertained some hopes of success. His friend Schmidt, brother to the young lady, approved his affection, and undertook to write her on the subject. The poet himself ventured, at last, to present her an ode. She received it with kindness, with "a little confusion, a slight blush, and some almost tender looks." The perception of woman in matters of love is as quick as intuition. She understood him; but her heart, it seems, was elsewhere. She was afterward married to another; and Klopstock, broken-hearted, prepared to retire to his friend Bodmer, in Switzerland, declaring, "*I will love only once in my life.*" "Miserable!" "Completely miserable!" "*Love only once*" in thy life! This language is not for thee, thou great-souled man: it is the proper speech only of those who have less brains than heart, and who, thus failing, make life a failure, and know no sublimer consummation for it than "the lover's leap." Better things are prepared for thee; thou art to utter a hymn to all ages; royalty is to woo thee to its palaces; genius is to shout at thy name; thou shalt be "*den ewigen jungling*," "the youth for ever;" thou shalt again love and be beloved. A beautiful one, young, ardent, and saintly, already loves thee. She sits in her chamber at Hamburg, weeping over thy glorious pages. She has read the great poets of Italy, France, England, and has found thee one like unto them in her own noble tongue. Thou shalt find her an angel, such as thou hast not seen in thy holiest visions; she shall exalt thine ideas of humanity; her presence shall sanctify thy youth, and her memory thine old age. She shall love thee with a seraph's affection; she shall die for thee, and die blessing thee. Ho, then, for the future child of genius—for life, love, fame, and heaven!

"*I will love only once in my life*," said Klopstock, when he proposed to seek a retreat with Bodmer at Zurich. But here is another letter—a sweet one, written to another person some months after. How beautiful the contrast! "You are dearer to me than all who are connected with me by blood or by friendship, dearer to me than all which is dear to me besides in the creation! My sister, my friend, you are mine by love, by pure and holy love, which Providence (O how grateful I am for the blessing!) has made the inhabitant of my soul on earth. It appears to me that you were born my twin sister in paradise. At present, indeed, we are not there; but we shall return thither. Since we have so much happiness here, what shall we have there? My Meta, my for ever beloved, I am entirely yours."

So much for the sanitary influence of time on the

wounds of a "broken heart," provided always, however, that it is accompanied with a tolerable strength of brain. Every man has his own Eve somewhere in the world, and every woman her Adam. If we fail of the discovery in one instance, let us have patience and try again. A little time is often of marvellous efficacy in such cases. No man ever felt more romance than Klopstock, and no one ever wrote more than Sir Walter Scott; yet the former, after believing himself heart-broken for ever, found the "twin sister of his soul," and lived and loved again, the happiest man in Germany; and the latter, after a similar failure of first love, was smitten by a little French lady, lived a quite comfortable life amidst his children, his books, and his dogs, at Abbotsford, and acknowledged always, that, though his heart had been broken at first, "it was handsomely pieced a second time." As he visited, in a coasting pleasure excursion, the part where his first love used to reside, he wrote home to his family this significant remark, "I have been here before. Whew!"

Klopstock went to Zurich, where he spent many months with his friend Bodmer. His Messiah had produced a profound impression in Switzerland. "The people there," says one of his biographers, "viewed him with a kind of veneration," and "much exertion was made to induce him to remain;" but more brilliant fortunes awaited him. The distinguished Danish ambassador, Bernstorff, had read, in Paris, the first three cantos of the Messiah. He immediately perceived the promise of its author, recommended him to the favorite minister of the court of Denmark, and through him to the king himself, by whom the poet was called to reside at Copenhagen, on a pension which rendered him independent, and secured him full leisure for the completion of his poem.

It was while on his route to Copenhagen, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, that he met, for the first time, the "*Meta*" of his letters, the "*Cidli*" of his poems—the "lovely and accomplished Margareta Möller, who afterward made him the happiest of men." Our chief object in introducing this celebrated German to our readers, has been to bring before them his angelic wife, one of the purest, loveliest beings that God ever deigned to our world—one from whom we may derive some conception of the nature and moral loveliness of angels. We hesitate as we approach the description of her incomparable character. It is too sacred for an unskillful pen. We shall, however, let her reveal it as much as possible in her own words.

The character of the German woman is distinctively peculiar and national. The very lowest class of the sex in Germany are about what they are elsewhere in Europe—hardy drudges, sharing the outdoor toils of their husbands. But in the middling and higher classes are found traits of heart and head



equaled by the women of no other nation of Europe. Among them you may find, of course, examples enough of that gay and frivolous superficiality which modern fashion has established as the standard of female character, and not unfrequent examples of the excess of that ideal sentimentality which seems inherent in the German intellect, and forms the chief characteristic of the Countess Hahn-Hahn's pictures of German society; but the prevailing traits of the German female character are profound moral feeling, tending strongly to religion, and abiding love, which clings to its first romance through married life—a romantic interest in literature and literary men, combined often with an extent of learning which would render a man a *savant* in any other country—a love of home comforts and endearments, with an unfailing aptitude to provide them, and a strong trace of that love and pride for their own country which Tacitus ascribes to their ancient mothers. The French woman recognizes in love little else than its gallantry; to the English woman it is a sober affection with its sober household obligations; the German woman dreams of it as Wieland did of the "Affinity of Souls," and this dream (if such it should be called) lasts usually through her life, irradiating its duties and its sorrows. "There is not a German woman," says a writer, "from the top to the bottom of the social ladder, who would not consider it as the greatest insult which could be offered her, for any one to doubt her having experienced what they call an internal life. To this peculiarity may be ascribed the circumstance that gossip—at least the common kind of mere external gossip—occupies a less prominent place in the conversation of German women than in that of the women of England or France. Whilst an English woman or a French woman will inform you how much 'Lord So-and-so' is in debt, or the probability of 'Captain What-ye-call-him,' paying his addresses to 'Mademoiselle Chose,' a German matron will treat you to an account of how her husband's passion for her first manifested itself—how the fire, after smoldering awhile in a sweet unconsciousness, at last burst forth into a mutual flame. She will describe to you the change which her feelings underwent after her *verlobung*, (betrothment,) and after she became a wife and a mother, and this with the most perfect simplicity, without any intention of exciting astonishment or admiration, and probably upon what an English woman would consider a very casual acquaintance. It is a subject which interests her more than any other, of which she is constantly thinking, and of which she freely speaks."

Margaretta Möller combined in herself the best traits of the German female character. She was devout, learned, enthusiastic, confiding, simple-hearted, and domestic. She corresponded, in English, with Young, and Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*. In her letters to the latter, she gives,

with all the naive frankness of her German heart, an account of her first acquaintance with Klopstock. "You would know," she says, "all that concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all that concerns me, and love is all that I will tell you in this letter. In one happy night I read my husband's poem—the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends who was the author of it; and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him; at least, my thoughts were ever filled with him; but I had no hopes ever to see him, when, quite unexpectedly, I heard that he would pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend to procure me the means of seeing the author of the Messiah. He told him that a certain girl in Hamburg wished to see him, and for a recommendation showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. *Klopstock came, and came to me.* This had its effect." The German maiden lost fully her heart, at this first interview, if she had not before. "After having seen him two hours," she continues, "I was obliged to pass the evening in company, which never had been so wearisome to me before. I could not speak—I could not play. I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends; but on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure." A correspondence ensued, during which she says, "I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. At last Klopstock said that he loved, and I startled, as for a wrong thing." In one year after their first interview, the poet again visited Hamburg. "We saw, we were friends, we loved, and we believed that we loved," writes the frank-hearted German girl; "and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her own son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In a few months it will be four years that I have been so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he were my bridegroom. If you knew my husband you would not wonder. If you knew his poem I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is, in all respects, what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty; but I dare not speak of my husband—I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship—in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am! Sir, you have willed that I speak of myself; but I fear that I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me."

A few letters between the poet and his betrothed have come to light. They breathed the most ardent

affection sanctified by the highest religious feeling. On the last evening of the interview above mentioned she wrote him (though before he had departed) as follows: "I must write to you this evening, and you shall find my letter at Copenhagen. My soul leans upon yours. This is the evening on which we read your Ode to God. Do you remember it? You will leave me, but I shall again receive you, and receive you as your wife. Alas! after another day, you will be gone far, far from me, and it will be long before I shall see you again; but I must restrain my grief. God will be with you—your God and mine. I trust in our gracious God that he will restore you to me; that he will make me happy. He knows that through you I shall be continually improving. He has already bestowed upon us so much happiness that I trust he will complete our felicity. Begin, then, your journey, only let me weep; indeed, I cannot help it. May God be with you!" After an attack of illness, she writes him: "I did not expect to be ever again as well as I now am. Praised be our God for it! and you will praise him with me. Yesterday evening, when I had retired from company, and enjoyed a very delightful hour, I said to myself, perhaps my K. is now worshiping God with me, and at that thought my devotions became more fervent. How delightful it is to address ourselves to God—to feel his influence on our minds! Thus how happy may we be even in this world! but you say rightly, if our happiness is so great here, what will it be hereafter? and then we shall never be separated! Farewell, my beloved! I shall think of you continually to-morrow. The holiest thoughts harmonize with my idea of you—of you who are more holy than I am—who love our Creator not less than I do—more I think you cannot love him—not more, but in a more exalted manner. How happy am I to belong to you! Through you I shall be continually improving in piety and virtue. I cannot express the feelings of my heart on this subject; but they are very different from what they were half a year ago. Before I was beloved by you I dreaded my greatest happiness; I was uneasy lest it should draw me away from God. How much was I mistaken! It is true adversity leads us to God; but such felicity as mine cannot withdraw me from him, or I could not be worthy to enjoy it. On the contrary, it brings me nearer to him. The sensibility, the gratitude, the joy, all the feelings attendant on happiness, make my devotion the more fervent."

The poet's ardent and devout heart responded with similar language. Every despondent memory of the disappointment of his former love is gone. "With what transport," he exclaims, "do I think of you, my Meta, my only treasure, my wife! When, in fancy, I behold you, my mind is filled with the heavenly thoughts which so often and delightfully occupy it; and while I think of you, they are still more fervent, more delightful. They glow in my

breast, but no words can express them." "With what sweet peace of mind do I contemplate, in every point of view, the thought that you are mine—that I am yours! O, Meta, how entirely are you formed to make me happy; and you are bestowed upon me! Can there be so much happiness here below? Yet, what is the greatest earthly happiness to that which we hope to enjoy in a future state? Yes, my beloved, for ever."

During some three years did this affectionate correspondence continue. Klopstock remembered no more his old resolution, "to love but once in his life." All the poetical ardor of his soul was lavished upon this beautiful and sweet-hearted girl; and she, who was, according to cotemporary writers, "Klopstock in feminine beauty," reciprocated his tenderness with an affection, admiration, and even adoration, next only to that which her devout spirit paid to God himself. They were married in the summer of 1754.

We have entitled this paper "The Loves of a Poet;" and, having now passed over the courtship of our hero, we ought, according to the canons of the Byron and Bulwer school, to drop the pen in haste; for no love, according to their philosophy, can survive marriage. We shall not do so, however; the beauty, and even romance of the scene has but dawned, thus far, and we promise our readers, in the further history of Margaret Klopstock, a picture of wedded love which an angel might gladly contemplate.

## BIBLIA SACRA.

BY MRS. E. C. GAVITT.

PRECIOUS treasure, well I love thee,  
Yea, with pure and hallowed love;  
When, in sorrow, friends forsake me,  
Thou dost ever faithful prove.

In affliction's darkest hour,  
Thou dost light and joy impart;  
And thy blissful, soothing power  
Sweetly cheers the stricken heart.

Tears of joy, and tears of sadness,  
Oft have dimmed thy pages fair;  
Shades of grief, and rays of gladness,  
Move my heart with thee in prayer.

Yes, thou art life's richest treasure;  
Pure and holy gifts are thine;  
Blessing life with sweetest pleasure—  
Circling home with rays divine.

There thy sacred light shall ever  
Fill my heart with perfect love,  
And when earthly ties must sever,  
Guide me safe to joys above.



REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY R. GILBERT.

WITH emotion I contemplate scenes that are past—  
That flitted away during life's early hour,  
When the germ of existence was bursting to view,  
And exhal'd the sweet fragrance of life's op'ning  
flow'r.

How vividly painted on mem'ry's bright page  
Th' expanding sweet flowers that bloom'd at my  
feet!

They arose like enchantment to deck the green plain,  
And wafted their sweets o'er my moss-cover'd  
seat.

I ne'er can forget the bright orient morn,  
When scintillating beams flash'd the gloom of the  
night,  
And the bright king of day, crown'd with glory,  
arose,  
And blithely leap'd Nature, exulting in light.

How beauteous seem'd Nature, enrapt'ring my eye!  
The copse and the bramble—the shade and the  
fount—

The waving deep forest, then vocal with praise—  
The environing hills and the verdant-capt mount—

The velvet-spread lawn and the crystal-pure rill—  
The warbling enchantment of Nature's fair choir—  
The ever green hemlock—the cascade and pool—  
The gold-ting'd deep cloud, as if glowing with fire!

To vision again recollection presents  
Th' effulgent-white cloud, and the azure-deep sky,  
When the sun's last refulgence, at parting of day,  
Threw his mantle of glory, enchanting my eye.

With fond reminiscence sweet fragrance I breathe,  
That balmy-winged zephyr then wafted from trees;  
When gorgeous the robe of the fair queen of May,  
And wav'd the deep shades—odoriferous the breeze.

On mem'ry's page portray'd, coruscant with light,  
The dazzling-meeek dew-drop, as bright as elysian,  
Still flashes in beauty, enrapt'ring my sight,  
As first in effulgence portray'd to my vision.

With emotion I gaz'd through the vista of time,  
And saw blissful scenes soon emerging to light:  
How refulgently painted, ecstatic in bliss,  
The scenes of enchantment portray'd to my sight!

Still vivid on canvas of mem'ry I see  
My childhood companions, now number'd 'mong  
dead!

Alas! their sweet friendship, so pleasant to me,  
Their cheerful-bright faces for ever have fled!

Though dazzling in brightness, resplendent ye shone,  
Farewell, lovely scenes, that enraptur'd my vision!  
On Faith's eagle pinions sublimely I rise,  
To a crown fadeless-pure in the heav'nly elysian.

PRAYER.

BY E. Y. Y.

WHEN the ruddy morn is breaking,  
And the sweet-toned birds are awaking,  
From dreams of night,  
To hail the light,  
That smiles on nature everywhere,  
Lift up thy voice to God in prayer.

When the noonday beam is glancing,  
And the bright sun ray is dancing  
O'er bubbling brook,  
And flow'ry nook,  
Forget awhile each earthly care,  
And seek thy God in humble prayer.

When the evening sun's declining,  
And the day with night's entwining,  
And shrouds of gold  
The clouds enfold,

O, let the passing zephyr bear  
On high to God thy humble prayer!

When the wearied earth is sleeping,  
And the night her tears are weeping,  
And moon-beams pale  
Rest on the vale,

O, then, unheard by mortal ear,  
Pour out to God thy humble prayer!

Thus, as down life's stream we're drifting,  
Let our hearts be constant lifting  
To Him above  
Who sheds his love  
On ev'ry humble spirit here,  
Who seeks the great I AM in prayer.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

THE twilight's gone, but in its place  
The peerless queen of night  
Unveils her mild and lovely face,  
And still there beameth light.

A few bright, diamond stars are seen  
Amid the ether fair,  
And countless constellations gleam  
In unseen radiance there.

How mellow is the silver light  
That now serenely glows!  
How calmly beautiful is night—  
How sweet its deep repose!

Such be the night of death, whene'er  
My day of life shall cease!  
So gently may my spirit sink  
To quietude and repose!

## SKETCHES OF A SUMMER EXCURSION.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

For several weeks during the last summer I *rusticated* in the little village of Guyandotte, Va., and its vicinity. It is a most delightful place, situated in a gentle curve of the river. Its location is high, and extremely healthy, and the surrounding scenery as beautiful as a dream. Above, the broad, blue Ohio comes sweeping majestically onward, while on each side the mighty forest trees, rich in their summer beauty, bend gracefully forward to find their shadows on the sunny stream where for ages they have been reflected. On the opposite side there is a long line of miniature mountains—below, in the valley, and fringing the river's bank are the rude, yet picturesque cabins of the adventurous settler, with here and there a lordly dwelling—*lordly* only from contrast, but truly so to the dwellers in those lowly homes. Below, there comes, creeping tardily along, the turbid waters of the Guyandotte river. Lazily, indeed, it comes, and softly steals into the clear, smooth bosom of the Ohio, and its dark waters are lost for ever. Here, at this point, the junction of the two rivers, tradition says was fought an obstinate and sanguinary battle, between the whites and the Guyandotte Indians, now extinct. The war-hatchet and arrows of flint are yet found, and occasionally an Indian grave, with the bow and arrow, and the little pot of flint-heads beside the crumbling skeletons—some warriors, perchance, made ready for the beautiful hunting-grounds of the spirit land. Poor Indians! dearly did ye sell your primitive right to that beautiful valley! There is not one of the tribe left to tell the tale of suffering and wrong.

While at Guyandotte, I became acquainted with the commencement of a romantic drama. A young merchant of New Orleans, who had been visiting the White Sulphur Springs, and was returning homeward, became desperately enamored of a young lady with whom he was traveling in a stage-coach. The fair girl left the coach a few miles from Guyandotte, to which place the lover was bound, as the best point for obtaining a steamboat. On he came, "sighing like a furnace," and contriving plans by which to make the acquaintance of his inamorata. I presume he was born, as the fortune-tellers say, under a lucky planet; for when he reached the place of destination, he found a friend of the young lady, to whom he made known the facts; and, proving his own respectability and good standing in society, he obtained a note of introduction, retraced his way to the home of his lady-love, made known his wishes to her parents, and was an accepted lover in a few hours from the moment in which he first saw her.

How easily we slide into the fashion of the times! This is all in accordance with the improvements of the age. Even love must pursue its course with a

rail-car motion; and the old-fashioned mode of making love will be left far behind. But I am not sure that the rail-car lovers will gain the advantage of those who slowly bring up the rear—who "take their time," and endeavor to obtain a little insight into each other's characters—who strive to find a foundation on which esteem can stand without danger. Perhaps I am old-fashioned; but I think, with Cunningham,

"True, gentle love is like the summer dew,  
Which falls around when all is still and hush,  
And falls unseen, until its bright drops strew  
With odors herb, and flower, and bank, and bush."

Love! after all, what is it but a dream, that wears away existence?—a shadow, which lures us on through life, and only fades at the brink of the tomb?

Marriage is at best a lottery, it is said, and if so, it certainly behooves those about to enter into it to be careful that they are not deceived. I never think of this subject without having the words of Southey brought to my mind. They are to be found in that quaint book, called the "Doctor;" and, as it is but little read, I will quote the remarks alluded to, believing that they will be much more interesting to my readers than any thing I can write. In speaking of rash marriages he says: "A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs—it is an accident, perhaps, and very probably a misfortune—something which he never intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he *runs* in love, it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally, and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously. Marriages that are made up at watering-places, are mostly of this running sort, and there may be reason to think that they are less likely to lead to—I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale. The rarest and surely the happiest marriages are between those who have grown in love.

"Whether chance or choice have most to do with the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is as difficult a question, as whether chance or skill have most influence on a game of backgammon. Both enter into the constitution of the game, and choice will always have some little to do with love, though so many other operating motives may be combined with it, that it sometimes bears a very insignificant part; but from marriage it is too frequently precluded, on the one side unwilling consent, and submission to painful circumstances supplying its place; and there is one sect of Christians, (the Moravians,) who, when they hold to the rigor of their institutions, preclude it on both sides. They marry by lot; and if divorces ever take place among them, the scandal has not been divulged to the profane world."

"The bard has sung, God never formed a soul  
Without its own peculiar mate to meet



Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

"But thousand evil things there are that hate  
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,  
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,  
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

"And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,  
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,  
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,

"So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,  
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,  
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing  
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

MRS. BROOKS.

After having enjoyed the hospitality of our Virginia friends for some time, we were loth to leave them; but life is made up of meetings and partings, and the hour arrived for our parting. The morning was bright and cheerful, and as we stepped on board of one of our most beautiful and commodious steamboats, all nature seemed to be "attuned to harmony."

The boat was literally crowded with passengers of all descriptions—every grade of society seemed to have its representative. As I entered the ladies' cabin, I was struck with the variety of dress and demeanor which presented themselves, and seating myself in a quiet corner, I commenced taking notes of character.

In one corner, wishing evidently to be quite exclusive, were several very fashionably-dressed ladies, and, if we may judge from an abundance of jewelry, quite wealthy. They wished, too, to be thought literary, for each held a book, which she read, or seemed to read, but the pages remained unturned, and their eyes were wandering "to and fro." In another part of the cabin were a family that seemed "well-to-do in the world," though very plain and unassuming. They appeared intelligent, and I fancied that I could read the mystic seal of religion stamped upon their forehead; but they were quite afraid of intruding upon the "exclusives."

Near this family, and seemingly under their care, was a young woman, whose sad countenance betokened a heart ill at ease. To one whose heart had known so much of sorrow as my own, the traces of misfortune could not be unfamiliar, and I longed for an opportunity to whisper in her ear a consoling word—to know if she had found the "city of refuge," open to all who choose to seek its shelter. I approached her, and found that, though numbering but eighteen summers, she was a widow—alone—seeking the home of her early childhood. The good people near her had been kind to her, because they pitied her youth and loneliness. He to whom she had given her pure and priceless affections, had perished on the bloody field of Buena Vista. Like many others, brave as the country's bravest, he had fallen, to be forgotten, in a nameless grave. Glory had

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won him from the cottage where love and peace had made their home; and now, with crushed heart, and affections buried in his gory grave, his young and unprotected widow was seeking the home from which he had won her in the bloom of youth and happiness!

Why is it that we thus peril our happiness, when it is in our own keeping? Alas! it is this restless yearning of the heart for something which it has not—this vague and indefinite thirst of the spirit which seeks to be quenched at some unknown spring, that, like the waters that spring to the lips of Tantalus, recede as we approach. One fountain alone remains where the thirst of the undying and restless spirit can be slaked—that "fountain that was opened in the house of King David for sin and uncleanness." "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Love may shed its gentle and hallowing influence over the heart—glory may place her laurel wreath upon the brow—wealth may heap up yellow gold on which the eyes may feast, and fame, with trumpet voice, proclaim to the world your name, but the soul will not be satisfied till it is anchored in the haven of religion—until it has found that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

But my new acquaintance had not found this rest. She had heard of it, as we hear of some far-off pleasant country, having sometimes a desire to see it, but with no definite wish to go there. I found her intelligent and communicative—perhaps she was won by my expressed interest for her, and it may be that I won her confidence by reposing comparative confidence in her. I did not particularize, but I told her that I had tried the world in all its mazes, and had found it wanting—that, in the early morning of life, I had set my heart on love, and the cup had been dashed rudely from my lips. Gold had scattered its luxuries along my path, and left me nothing, apparently to sigh for. And then came ambition, with its wild and fitful dreams that wear away the heart, and stamp age prematurely on the brow. I had won the goal for which I had panted; but higher steep remained to be won. I had heard the hollow breath of praise; but my soul was not satisfied, and I turned away, sick at heart, to that inexhaustible Fountain—that oasis in the desert of the universe, that is ever ready for the sad and weary-hearted. She wept and wondered—perhaps she wondered at my ingratitude—that I had tried so many paths, and only sought the true one when all others had failed to give the wished-for pleasures! Before we parted, I had the satisfaction of receiving her promise to seek diligently for rest in God. Is it presumption to say that I felt an assurance in my own heart, that God would finish the work thus casually begun? Certainly, at that moment, I would have given the loudest blast that Fame ever blew on her brazen trumpet, for the "still small voice" far in the depths of my own heart; and the

music of that promise, given by that sad and youthful widow, was more sweet to my soul than the loud but uncertain breath of human praise.

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

THE history of past experience is replete with lessons the most choice and instructive. From them we may learn much for the future. A proper consideration of them tends to soften the asperities, check the waywardness, reprove the ignorance and indolence, and bring into subjection the unruly passions of men. Like a faithful monitor, they warn, instruct, reprove, and are ever faithful to their work through all life's checkered scenes.

There is one period in the history of many that stands out prominently, and is seen from almost every position. It is like a fixed star in the heavens, shining with peculiar brightness, and always attracting attention. It may be regarded as an important epoch, when a life of heart-stirring events often dates its commencement. It is one of those seasons that awakens in the heart the deepest emotions, and fills the mind with thoughts of the most thrilling interest—a period in one's life-time never to be forgotten. It will form a bright spot on memory's page which time cannot efface—it will ever be found prominent among the recollections of the past; and the sensibilities it must awaken, will be pleasing or disagreeable, according as it has been improved.

The period to which we refer we have denominated the BRIDAL DAY—when, at the hymeneal altar, those true-hearted youths pledged themselves to each other in holy matrimony. The proper preliminaries had been attended to, and now the “knot is tied.” What a day! Such a one they never before witnessed.

The mind now recalls much that is interesting in the past. Those homes, now about to be left—how precious to think of them! Those dwellings, perhaps of humble appearance, are arrayed with peculiar charms. With each apartment are associations of interest. There they were born—there helpless infancy was caressed, cared for, and protected by a mother's love—there childhood was trained to virtue and noble deeds—there youth was taught the value of science and religion, and there, in purest worship, the book of God was read, and fervent supplications offered to “Him who ruleth over all.” That “old family Bible,” precious relic! its treasures are more valuable than gold. Those prayers, sacred mementoes, reminding of other days—they cannot be lost!

There, too, are the play-grounds, where, in innocent amusements, many delightful hours were spent. Yonder are the landscapes. How picturesque! Amid those verdant lawns, hills, and vales, flowing

streams, and beautiful flowers, many pleasing walks and interviews were enjoyed. There Nature in her lovely attire appeared in all her glory. Those rambles, though most of them were enjoyed years ago, are as fresh in the mind as if performed but yesterday. The old orchard—that is remembered, too. There, in company with their play-mates, they gathered the delicious fruit. Even the lambs that played so sprightly in the yard, the birds that sung so sweetly in the trees, and even the shrill notes of the whippowil, so often heard in the evening's twilight, are all remembered. Every object in or around the old mansion, many of which the stranger would pass unnoticed, are dear to them. They are remembrances of other days. Ah! can another home be found so lovely, so enchanting as this?

But memory stops not here. This wonderful faculty of the mind is aroused from its slumbers, and appears more active than ever. It brings up the loved ones, who, like themselves, shared in the same paternal affection, indulged in the same sports and festivities of childhood, and were early taught the same instructive lessons of morality and religion. They were the companions of their early joys and sorrows—of their hopes and fears. Can they leave them? This they have resolved to do; not, indeed, to leave them, without the hope of seeing them again—for they still anticipate many pleasant hours in their society—but to leave them for another home, and for the duties and responsibilities of conjugal life.

It is a joyful occasion. The company consists of parents, brothers, sisters, and a few friends, who, by invitation, have come to participate in the convivialities of the occasion, and witness the nuptial ceremonies. All seem happy and much delighted with the scene, though, occasionally, an unbidden tear bespeaks a deep feeling within. A half-suppressed sigh, ever and anon, tells that events which are to follow are not out of mind. The cheerful countenances, the happy greetings, the pleasing remarks, however, proclaim it an occasion of delight.

It is solemn. The minister of Jesus performed his part with much brevity, though impressively. With what weight did those words fall from his lips, “I pronounce you husband and wife!” Solemn act! They are now “one flesh.” Prayer was offered. It was short, appropriate, fervent, comprehensive. He presented the youths, whom he had united in matrimony for life, to the guidance, supervision, and protection of Him who holds the destinies of all. It was not a mere form. He prayed as one holding audience with Deity. All present seemed to say, may the blessings so fervently and appropriately prayed for be theirs! Excellent advice was given. The important relation into which they had just entered, and the responsible duties connected with that relation, were referred to. They were reminded that their union may soon terminate on earth;



that they may soon be separated by death; and that, if they were the friends of Christ, they would soon experience a more blissful union in the heavenly paradise.

"O, 'twill be passing sweet to meet the friend  
We loved on earth, and there together bend  
Before the eternal throne, and to rehearse  
Its untold glories in exalted verse!

"To walk in company the golden streets,  
To sit, but not apart, on shining seats,  
To trace the beauties of each dazzling gem,  
Or pluck the fruit of some unfading stem!"

The marriage covenant! It was truly affecting. While it was pronounced, every ear was open, every eye fixed. Can those solemn words ever be forgotten! How binding that promise! Holding each other by the hand, they promised to "fulfill all the duties of the marriage covenant" so long as they both should live. Let that promise ever be held sacred and inviolable! How dreadful must be the guilt of broken vows made under such circumstances!

All were soon ready to partake of the refreshment so bountifully provided for the occasion. All seemed now perfectly at home. Conversation commenced, not boisterously, but orderly and pleasantly. Various interesting topics were introduced, though not at length discussed. Having offered a passing remark on the subject presented, they were ready for something else. The aged seemed as lively and animated as the young, and as ready to contribute to the interesting exercises of the occasion. Indeed, it was difficult to tell who was the most active, or whose volubility was the most strikingly displayed. Whatever of taciturnity may have been exhibited by some of the company on other occasions, it was certainly dispensed with on this. The aged were reminded of similar scenes far back in their history, though they seem but as yesterday, while the young were cheered with prospects and visions far in the future, many of which were never to be realized. It was an hour when man appeared like himself—a social being—for such he was wisely constituted—when the cold, chilling, depressive influences of this unfriendly world were paralyzed, and when the social principle was beautifully developed, not, indeed, perfectly, but in a manner which gave the clearest demonstration, that, were his social power properly unfolded, regulated, and controlled, it would greatly contribute to his own happiness, and vastly augment the happiness and good of society.

The bride and bridegroom shared in the kind notices and attentions of the company. They were congratulated on their happy union. All seemed to say, "May happiness, peace, and abundance of necessary good things attend you all the days of your life! May your way be strewed with flowers, and should the 'evil day' come upon you, may you be abundantly strengthened and qualified to meet it!" The parents, all solicitude, seemed to say, "God bless you, my children, and give you a pleasant,

prosperous, and successful journey! Time is short; make the most of it for being useful, and acquiring a meetness for the 'better land.' Life's sorrows, as well as its joys, will be yours; but if you act well your part, even the former shall subserve the highest purposes of your existence. Do your duty, my children, and the blessing of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit will rest upon you."

The time came for the company to disperse. They separated, not disorderly, as is sometimes the case at weddings after using intoxicating drinks, (by the way, the only drink used on this occasion was pure, sparkling cold water,) but peaceably, quietly, solemnly. They parted, seemingly saying, "This is just what a wedding should be, resembling somewhat that 'in Cana of Galilee;' and as they parted, all seemed to feel a high sense of their responsibilities, and apprised of the fact that their next meeting would be under very different circumstances.

Thus passed the exercises of one of those delightful evenings in summer's dawn, noted for its calmness. But though passed, they are not forgotten. Though there is a wide space between the present and the time when those youths were united in wedlock, yet the scenes of that evening live still in the mind, and often come up in the recollections of former days, like guardian angels, to remind us of broken vows, to stimulate us for life's duties, and to bid us prepare for a glorious immortality.

The bridal day! that great day in one's history! let it live in your fondest recollections, cherish its memory, perform its vows, fulfill its obligations. Become the children of God, and when your short journey is ended, you shall enjoy the dearest union and sweetest fellowship of heaven.

"Far, far beyond the reach of mortal ken,  
No eye hath seen it, nor hath human pen  
Portrayed the glories of that world above,  
Whose very atmosphere is holy love.

"There Christians who in union dwelt on earth,  
Heirs of its mansions by celestial birth,  
In blest society shall meet and blend  
In love and fellowship that never end."

#### TRIFLES.

DESPISE not trifles. The nerve of a tooth not larger than the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a man to distraction. The rock which causes a navy to founder, is the work of a worm. A single word, thoughtlessly uttered, may engender remediless evils. Years of tried friendship can be sundered in the brief space of an hour by one slight move of the tongue, or one heedless act of sin. The first glass of wine taken by the young man in his entrance on the arena of life, has been the means of leading him on to wretchedness, and ruin, and despair, and death. Would you escape peril here and infamy hereafter, beware of the first false step, however trifling or innocent it may seem.

## SYLVA.

BY LUOY.

To satisfy the public, the characters of a novel must not only be "true to nature," (seeing quite enough of *real life* out of books, I am content with a resemblance,) but "well sustained" throughout. Is not this requiring the picture to be *larger* than life? Which of us sustains his own character continually, at least in this sense? The industrious man is sometimes idle; while the habitually indolent, when actuated by a strong motive, becomes, for the time, energetic, frequently accomplishing great undertakings before relapsing into his old habits. The most cheerful are, at times, melancholy; the sad cheerful; the strong-minded and firm vacillating; and, in some rare cases, the whole character—or, more properly, disposition—undergoes a complete change. There is, in truth, an almost endless *variety* in all strong characters, which may account for this apparent inconsistency—we do not embrace the whole in one glance; and what we usually call a *well-supported* character is merely one particular vice or virtue personified.

The mind so delights in contrast that we often fancy we see it where it never existed. What can be more absurd, and more unjust, than the practice, so universal, of *comparing sisters*, with reference to the gratification of this desire for the *striking*. If one sister is intelligent, it is not a matter of course that the other should be silly; or, if one is amiable, the other need not be ill-natured. And when one is a beauty, the other the reverse, it by no means follows that the less handsome must be the more amiable, nor, because one possesses a superior mind, that she must, therefore, have less amiability than her more ordinary sister, though the world, in its wisdom, its desire to be impartial, *has* so arranged it.

Though the difference in the dispositions—the tempers—of members of the same family is often very striking, yet, whether from being of one blood, (and there is much in this,) or from having received the same education, (and there is much in this also,) or from both causes united, in the more important traits of character—in regard or disregard of principle—sisters will be found to bear a close resemblance to each other, novelists and story writers to the contrary, notwithstanding, who, for the sake of effect, generally make one sister an angel, the other a—*vice versa*.

That people should *think all they say* is nothing more than right, but beware of those who pretend to *say all they think*.

Among the various anti-doing-this-that-and-the-other societies, there has not been formed an anti-

reading-Sue's-novels society; yet they are famous for *intoxicating spirits*. Such as see the evil tendencies of these works, and trust in this knowledge and their firmness of principle to preserve them from contamination, *may*, from this indulgence, lose nothing more than time, good eyesight, and a taste for more wholesome food. But there are others—neither weak-headed nor bad-hearted—who declare they can perceive nothing, absolutely nothing wrong in all this mass of immorality, hypocrisy, and indelicacy! Such is the force of genius, when perverted; nor is it less powerful when exerted in a good cause.

Though, in America, all females are, by courtesy, ladies, the genuine article is not as plenty as blackberries—quite. Some one has said that it takes several generations to make a lady; and this may be true, for nothing is surer than that mere education—such as is derived from books—or travel, or even intimate association with ladies, (which is the most effectual means,) has ever been sufficient to transform a *parvenu* (if a republican may be allowed the expression) into a real lady. The Saxon word *hlafdize*, or lady, means *the giver of bread*: [see Miss Strickland's *Life of Matilda of Flanders*;] then a lady should be charitable—charitable in the broadest sense of the word. And where shall we find a more beautiful description of a true lady, or, I should say, a more *perfect model* upon which to form ourselves—for all Christians are not ladies, any more than all ladies are Christians—than in St. Paul's definition of charity: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

If one could only invent a self-designation less egotistical than our great *I*, and less dignified than the editorial *we*! To write in the third person appears stiff and affected. Now the French *je* is a very modest little word.

## DESOLATION.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

WHY weepeth the mother so sadly,  
As she sits by the cradle side,  
Whither oft that mother so gladly  
To her innocent baby did glide?  
Alas! the babe that she cherished—  
That dearly-beloved little one—  
Hath sickened, and faded, and perished,  
And left that mother *alone*.



## SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

BY HARMONY.

"How are they waned and faded from our hearts,  
The old companions of our early days!  
Alas! we scarcely know, and scarcely heed,  
Where, in this world of sighs, they wander now!"

In the sweet, quiet village of C—a, deep bow-  
ered midst elm, and ash, and the tall, wide-spreading  
maple, is the seminary, where, at the very venerable  
age of sixteen, my parents sent me for a year, to  
put a "finishing touch" upon my education, which,  
in my blissful ignorance, I considered very nearly  
perfect. A more joyous band of girls, just budding  
into womanhood, with all the vague hopes and de-  
lightful dreams, so peculiar to that period of life,  
fresh in our hearts, never congregated together. We  
were earnest and joyous beings; and little thought  
we then that deep and heavy change must come to  
our spirits. Yes, change and death have cast their  
shadows over the past; but the images of those fair  
girls are still bright on memory's page, and my heart  
often yearns to greet them, as in by-gone days, ere  
communion with a hollow, heartless world, had  
chilled the warm fount of affection. Amid the im-  
portunity and multiplicity of the cares and duties of  
life, the remembrance of the sweet friends and com-  
panions of my happy school days smiles upon my  
pathway like the beauty of some fair and lovely  
flower, whose blossoming gives lustre and incense  
to the scene around, diffusing fragrance which long  
remains, though the flower be withered.

There were five among us school girls of whom  
I wish to write, not that their histories are very re-  
markable, but that their careers differed so widely  
from each other, and that there is always something  
touching in the record of a fellow-creature's life.

Maria Germain, of all my school-mates, was the  
most admired, so full of life—of spirits. Her every  
feature seemed formed to wear and win smiles; her  
laughing tones, like the sweet carol of a bird, made  
the heart thrill with sudden joy, and banished care and  
sorrow from the brow. But while at the seminary,  
she not only gained such knowledge as is "profitable  
to the life which now is," but she also received that  
instruction which, accompanied by the Divine bless-  
ing, had the effect to turn off her thoughts from fol-  
lowing vanity, to the acquisition of the "pearl of  
great price." The change made by religion in her  
deportment was striking. The faith that works by  
love and purifies the heart—with what an ineffable  
grace does it invest the young and lovely! It gives  
new glory to the beaming eye; for a celestial light  
is reflected there—a new sweetness to the gentle  
voice, even the music of a diviner life. It casts a  
halo around them which no earthly accomplishments  
can give. Beautiful Maria! even now, while I write,  
she appears in loveliness before my vision. I can

almost hear again the sweet music of her gentle  
voice discoursing of "love divine all loves excell-  
ing."

Her parents were irreligious; and, fearing their  
opposition, she shrunk from disclosing to them the  
change in her views and feelings. "What shall I  
do?" said she; "I have prayed for strength to over-  
come this fear, which, as a snare, has bound me. I  
know the course that conscience and the word of  
God dictate as the path of duty; but I am compelled  
to inquire, what will be the effect if I pursue it?"  
Her mind was, for several weeks, held in great sus-  
pense. It was indeed painful to witness. At length  
she summoned courage sufficient to write. She told  
her dear father and mother that she had turned from  
all earthly sources of happiness to the everlasting  
Fountain of truth, and that she found the ways of  
religion to be those of pleasantness and peace. She  
then spoke of the judgment-seat of Christ, before  
which they must shortly stand, and, with all the ten-  
der emotion that must swell a daughter's heart, she  
besought them to come to Jesus, the author and fin-  
isher of our faith, and learn to praise and adore him  
who withheld not his own beloved Son, but sent him  
to testify of the Father's good pleasure. Long and  
anxiously Maria waited for a reply to her letter. At  
length she received the following from her mother:

"Your communication, my dearest child, did in-  
deed astonish us. Your father determined to order  
your immediate return home, that he might, he said,  
correct your erroneous notions. 'That my daugh-  
ter,' said he, 'should be thus infatuated, is to me a  
source of the deepest regret.' But I plead for you,  
that he should quietly suffer you to enjoy your re-  
ligious views; 'for,' said I, 'I believe our dear child  
is happier far than we can make her by all the means  
we possess.' Much rather would I, my dearest Ma-  
ria, look to the Source from whence you profess to  
derive your enjoyment, than to have my heart longer  
enthralled in the service of a vain and transitory  
world. I fear I have been leaning but on a 'broken  
staff.' Alas! that I have so long lived forgetful of  
the duties I owe to my Creator! O, pray earnestly  
for your dear mother. Adieu, my dearest child!  
May Heaven preserve and strengthen you!

"YOUR MOTHER."

"O," said Maria, after reading her mother's let-  
ter, "if you could have seen the struggles of feel-  
ing which have wrung my heart, you would indeed  
rejoice with me that this terrible state of mind is at  
last ended. And my dear mother, too, inquiring the  
way to Him who traced the waymarks for a glori-  
ous salvation—a salvation from sin and death—to  
him who hath unsealed the fountain of hope, and  
raised high the banner of faith—to him who shunned  
not the dread portals of the tomb, that we, the chil-  
dren of his love, might read in his rising the dawn  
of a glorious immortality. O, I am too happy!"  
She seemed overcome by the overwhelming feelings

that came over her, and in the retirement of her own chamber she sought for strength in prayer.

A short time only elapsed ere her mother was happily converted. O, it was a touching scene when Maria and her mother, together at the baptismal altar, consecrated themselves to the service of the Redeemer, and received the sacred emblems of a Savior's love, believing in Him who hath promised to be in every trusting soul a well of water springing up to everlasting life.

The lovely Maria is now the happy wife of a devoted minister of the Gospel. And long may the sweet shepherdess live to dispense her charities and blessings to the helpless ones of the flock—to encourage to repentance the poor, sinful, and sorrowing wanderer from the Gospel-fold, and readily and cheerfully minister to the "necessities of the saints!" Long may the beauty of her life shadow forth the glories and excellences of the Christian religion!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE BIBLE

IN ITS ADAPTATION TO INDIVIDUAL FEELING.

BY E. M. B.

"WHAT subject thus completely absorbs your attention, Hester?" asked Maria Wilmot of her friend. "I have entered your room unperceived, and have been watching you for some time entirely unobserved, or else entirely disregarded by you."

"You know me too well, to attribute it to indifference," replied Hester, as, thus roused from her reverie, she rose to welcome her friend. "Here is the cause of my abstraction," as she raised to view the pocket-Bible which was in her hand. "Have you never, Maria, in reading the holy Scriptures, been suddenly struck by some particular passage, powerfully arrested in your onward course, and held to some one point, while

'Thoughts upon thoughts, a mighty throng,  
Rushed, bearing countless thoughts along?'"

"Indeed I have," replied Maria, "and often, too, by some passage with which I was perfectly familiar—some verse which, from my earliest recollection of Bible study, has been impressed upon my memory, or by some one of the common texts most generally selected for popular improvement."

"Of course you have," said Hester, with a brightening countenance, "and then it was accompanied by a power, an unction, that was indescribable. There are times when, to me, the words appear to be invested with a new and fuller meaning—the incarnation of a divine idea—the suggester of thought that rises to the throne of God, and grasps the Deity in its embrace! What a wonderful book is our Bible!" and she clasped it to her heart.

"Wonderful, indeed!" said Maria; "wonderful, if a revelation from God to man"—

"If!" interrupted Hester, "if! O, who but God could speak in words like these!"

"I was about to say," explained Maria, "wonderful, if a revelation from God to rebel man, and yet more wonderful, did we dare to doubt the fact:

'Strange as it is, 'twere bold to think it true,  
If not far bolder still to disbelieve!'

Mark its beauty of diction, its harmony of parts, its splendor of imagery, its richness of illustration, its"—

"Not these! not these!" said Hester, "though, in themselves, they are confirmation strong of its authenticity—I was not thinking of these, no, nor even of the glorious plan of redemption as begun and finished by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; but I was dwelling on the singular adaptation of its instructions to each peculiar temperament, if I may so express myself, and to each peculiarity of that temperament—its power to meet every individual want, and to prove its identity of interest with each of human kind. The thoughts were suggested to my mind by these few inspired words, 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.'"

"Few, but weighty," said Maria; "for there is not a more strengthening, sustaining, comforting declaration in holy writ. O, how often have I felt their influence like gentle dew upon my spirit! When sin has stained or sorrow crushed, when faith has wavered or hope grown dim, 'He ever liveth to make intercession for me'—for me, has proved like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

After some slight hesitation, Hester remarked, "You emphasize the words rather differently from what I should, Maria, and, therefore, I suppose they appear to you in a different light. In what character does Christ appear to you in that passage?"

"As my dying, risen Lord—as my crucified Redeemer—the *once dying* in opposition to the *ever living*; and my thoughts turn to Calvary, and rest on the atonement."

"But," said Hester, "this verse most surely refers to him as *intercessor*—'he ever liveth to *make intercession* for us.'"

After a pause, Maria said, "True, Hester; but as you force me to analyze, I find my attention is generally directed to Jesus as the victim slain, and it is rather the Holy Spirit who pleads for me with groaning that cannot be uttered."

"And you find your affections centre most closely on Christ as suffering on the cross?" pursued Hester interrogatively.

"And if I do, do I err in this?" anxiously inquired Maria.

"O, no!" was the quick response of her friend, "pardon me if my question suggested such a thought, and banish it entirely from your mind. 'The Lord our God is *one God*,' and our worship is equally acceptable, whether directed to Father, Son, or Holy Spirit. Christ is *one*—our Redeemer equally by his life as by his death—by his intercession as



by his atonement; and I am inclined to think that there are times in the religious experience of each Christian, when Christ is placed more vividly before him, in one office or character, than in another. 'There are diversities of operations;' for instance, when first awakened to a sense of our danger, and mourning under the load of guilt and condemnation, it is unto the cross that we attempt to flee; for there only can our burden be rolled off. Then, when forgiveness is vouchsafed, and pardon realized, how do our affections gush toward that incarnate Savior, who 'bore our sins in his own body on the tree,' and by that act made salvation possible! But, if I may judge from my own experience, there is an after stage, when other views affect us full as deeply, and Christ the intercessor occupies more the foreground of our thoughts."

"Does this not seem like undervaluing the atonement?" asked Maria.

"No!" replied Hester; "the soul that rests entirely upon the atonement, cannot undervalue it—it is the ground-work of its faith, the foundation on which the whole superstructure of its salvation is erected. But it is a settled thing—a fixed reality, and we no more attempt to prove it, than we do the fact of our existence. But, after the first joys of pardoned sin—after (if I may so express it) the surprise at this act of God's free grace has a little subsided, and when, to our sorrow, we find that the remains of the carnal mind still exist within us, leading us to the wounding of the cause which yet we love, with what penitential gratitude do we hear, 'If any man sin, we have an *Advocate* with the Father!' We feel the necessity of intercession to render the atonement individually efficacious; the mediatorial Priest meets the exigency of the case, and our souls repose upon the assurance that

'He ever lives above,  
For us to *intercede*,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to *plead*.'

Do you not see that it is still Jesus—Jesus the intercessor pleading Jesus the sacrifice; and that thus, though he may be presented to our contemplation more vividly in one character, or office, than in another, it is still as Jesus our Redeemer?"

"You have thought much on this subject, Hester."

"Yes," she replied, "and perhaps more specially, because, at one time, I was under the influence of a well-devised stratagem of the arch enemy, from which I was delivered by the powerful application to my heart and mind of, 'He ever liveth,' &c., and I was reflecting upon that time in my experience when you came in this morning. It was some years after my conversion, and I believe I was then growing in the love and knowledge of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I had known something of those

declensions and revivals which but too generally mark the experience of professors, but, preserved by the long-suffering goodness of my God, was, at this time, fast learning to find my whole happiness in him. Unmarked by any analysis of the operation, I had gone on from grace to grace, looking for and receiving more and more of the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, until, by degrees, the third person of the Trinity, and his agency in the plan of redemption, was ever prominently before me. My thoughts rested on the Holy Spirit—my prayers ascended to the Holy Spirit, and my gratitude gushed out toward the Holy Spirit, as, at every progressive step, I dwelt on his gentle promptings, his kind forbearance, his unwearied care, his pitying tenderness, his ready consolation, his unchanged, unless increasing, love. Then came the well-circumstanced temptation, and for weeks I struggled with the suggestion that I undervalued or did not think sufficiently of the Redeemer. My thoughts became confused; I seemed to regard the atonement as consisting in the one act—the one great transaction on Calvary, now past, and I found my affections *would* cling to what was *now* doing for me, and this I had attributed to the sole agency of the Holy Spirit. In great distress, I threw myself before the Lord, pleading for light and a just appreciation of his character and work, and then the words, 'He ever liveth to *make intercession* for us,' revealed Jesus to me in his mediatorial office, and I saw that

'The blood once shed for Adam's race,  
Was sprinkling *now* the throne of grace.'

And thus, my faith receiving him as my hourly, momentarily-pleading intercessor, my heart embraced him with a love which, from that time, has known no fear nor diminution; and it was the adaptation and application of Scripture to the particular emergency of my case, at that time, which led me to make the remarks I did at the opening of our conversation."

"Did not this experience seem to render the fact of the Trinity more clear to you?" asked Maria, who had listened to her friend with deep interest.

"Yes, the fact, but not, of course, the inexplicable mode—with that I have nothing to do. Yes, this experience, combined with one as distinct (though not at all painful) of the Father, has vividly impressed upon my mind the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, not merely the distinct offices, but the distinct persons. If these exercises are not common to all, (and they may not be, for doctrines rest upon God's word and not on man's experience,) still there is a hymn in our book that convinces me that Wesley knew something of it. How else could he have written that

'When once our pardoned hearts believe  
That thou art pure, essential love,  
The proof we in ourselves receive,  
Of the three Witnesses above;  
Sure as the saints around the throne,  
That Father, Word, and Spirit are one?'

But now leaving this illustration of the subject, which, though it deeply interests me, may cause no vibration in another heart, let us take a more general glance of the adaptation of Scripture to the peculiarity of mind and temperament. Mankind are divided into two great classes—the good and the bad—they who love God and they who love him not. Selecting the former, we may subdivide the Christian class into the bold and the timid, the daring and the enduring, the trusting and the doubting. Some seem fitted for *doing* and others for *suffering* the will of God; the one, like Peter, would wield the sword in defense of the Master, the other, like Thomas, would willingly go to Jerusalem that he might die with him. Now, although the modifying influence of circumstances sometimes blends the coloring of the one with the hues of the other, the distinction is real, and we make it without an effort, as though intuitively."

Maria smiled as she bowed an assent, which her perception of her own character and that of her friend caused her to allow; for the friends were a very good exemplification of Hester's classes.

The latter continued, "Now I think that, to the naturally inert, who shrink from action—to the naturally timid, who dread the conflict—to the more easily-suffering, because the more deeply-feeling, Christ, as the bleeding, dying Savior, must ever have most prominence in their thoughts, and possess the first place in their affections. The mind naturally looks with most wonder and admiration to that which, to itself, would be most difficult of achievement; and that part of the great drama of redemption which was enacted on Calvary most readily draws forth the gushing tear and the swelling halleluia. But to those of a different temperament—those who feel conscious that they are capable of making great exertions—to whom it were easy to do and dare—those who, in their natural state, would have been first in the senate, or foremost in the field—to them the opposite qualities of meekness and forbearance, of continued patience under repeated provocations, and of enduring love under a repetition of neglect, and indifference, and insult, these qualities form their acme of perfection—these, to them, are the height almost inaccessible. To such as these, Christ the *intercessor* must be preached in order that he may retain his rank in their thoughts and their affections as the equal to the Holy Spirit. Thus you see, dear Maria, why, while you would read, 'He ever liveth to make intercession,' I would exclaim, with wondering rapture, 'He ever liveth to make intercession!'"

"Ah, Hester!" returned Maria, with overflowing eyes, "it matters not which way I read. In every successive view in which my Redeemer is presented, I love him better than before. I thank you for opening up to me more fully his mediatorial work; for an added pulsation is felt as I reflect on his

hourly intercession. It is true that I have looked on Calvary as the consummation of the tragedy; but I have regarded every scene and act of his life on earth as tending to that goal, and there is not a humiliation recorded of his weary pilgrimage, that I have not watered with my tears."

"He emptied himself of the glory that he had with the Father before the world began," said Hester with deep solemnity, "and every other suffering was but the consequence of this initial degradation. Let us endeavor to think of our God in his triune, all perfect character; and after his various offices are made known to us—after we have been drawn, and sprinkled, and sealed, and thus restored to that full image which Adam lost—when God has thus

'Displayed, our fallen souls to raise,  
His whole economy of grace,'

then, perhaps, we shall lose this apprehension of distinct persons, and 'God be all in all.' We have talked on this subject as long, perhaps, as will be profitable. Let us now kneel, and implore our God to stamp his image deeper and yet deeper on our hearts, until every feature and every lineament stand forth in full and perfect beauty."

## THE THIEF OF TIME.

BY FLORIO.

"PROCRASTINATION is the kidnapper of souls, and the recruiting officer of hell," said the late eccentric and characteristic Edward Irving. No man or woman, in the possession of reason, has any idea of despising the word of God and going to hell. Not one. All are hoping for heaven. All are expecting some day to repent, and all are dreaming of endless felicity in the future world. Yet how many become deluded, and how many more, in the dying struggle, wake up to the consciousness of having lost their own souls! "I am dying now!" exclaimed an unfortunate youth, who had delayed the work of repentance, and had hoped on the mercy of God to pardon in the departing hour, "I am dying now! My life is gone! my salvation is lost, and hell is opening for me! O, Lord, have mercy on me! mercy on me, a lost soul! mercy! mercy! But," changing his thoughts, and reflecting for a moment, "mercy is not for me; I am lost! I am lost! damnation is my fate, and perdition my doom for ever!" Reader, are you living yet in sin, and procrastinating your return to God and heaven? Think; the time may come when repentance will be wanting and mercy no longer yours.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal state."



## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1848.

## PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

IN a former article I have endeavored to illustrate the progress made by mankind as individuals, beginning with the earlier and proceeding to modern times; in this I wish to show, that, in our social capacity, we have been slowly advancing, and have reason to look forward to still higher triumphs.

Society, in the larger sense, includes the members of any one country, and is based on three relations, each of which must be attended to, in an examination of human progress. These relations are: 1. That of the individual to individuals; 2. That of the individual to the state; 3. That of the state to the individuals composing it. On relations are founded duties; and, therefore, the history of these relations is the history of the duties implied in them. The word which expresses, as an exponent, the substance of the first relation, is *equality*; the second is implied in the word *trust*, or *confidence*; and in the third we have the idea of *protection*. The history of these three words—*equality*, *trust*, *protection*—is the history of all social improvement.

In the first relation, the individual, in the best state of society, regards every other individual as his equal; he commits himself, also, to the state as a sacred trust; and the state, in return for this confidence, promises him protection in the enjoyment of his natural and inalienable rights.

These three things, consequently, exhaust the subject, as they constitute the whole of what is known as human society. It is interesting to see, with a clear vision, how they have fared in different ages, under the influences of various civilizations; it is equally instructive, too, to know exactly wherein the social condition of man has been advancing; and it begets a lively hope, and does the heart good, and gives us needful encouragement in the prosecution of life's great business, to be assured, that, from first to last, society has been actually going forward.

It is true enough, and I know it as well as any critic, that such topics have been generally considered too sober, too thoughtful, it may be too useful, for that class of persons, which makes the larger half of my numerous readers; but, in all deference to such low estimates of popular taste, I have now been long enough engaged in the profession of a scribbler to know, that novels, and stories, and loose trash, are not more acceptable to the reading public, particularly to the better part of it, than earnest endeavors to diffuse wholesome truths around the pathway of the curious and thoughtful. The world, after all, is governed by ideas; and it begins, very properly, to demand some knowledge of these its governors. And yet, though treating of matters of no little import, it is not necessary to bury them beneath a dense weight of unintelligible logic. Perhaps the greatest intellectual triumph of modern times remains for him, who, with deep thinking, and an easy, a chaste, and a brilliant style—a combination to which I lay no claim—shall bring down the loftier of literary topics to the common mind; nor is there any one of them, it seems to me, more needful to be universally understood, than the social progress of the race.

It is a remark of the great French writer, Montesquieu, that, "*rappeler les hommes aux maximes an-*  
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*ciennes, c'est ordinairement les ramener a la vertu.*" to recover men to ancient maxims, is, ordinarily to bring them back to virtue; but such an assertion is to be received with caution; nor is there any subject, to which it will less forcibly apply, than that of the natural equality between man and man, which was almost totally rejected by the ancients. In fact, for many ages, the world seems to have had no conception of this equality, but established every thing on the assumption of individual differences and distinctions.

No one, for example, will contend, that the reign of the patriarchs, the first sovereignty spoken of in history, knew any thing of individual equality; for the whole power of government was in the hands of the father, and by him transmitted to his eldest son, according to the so-called natural right of primogeniture. In this form of society, indeed, there were no less than five orders of persons—the patriarchs, who held the supreme authority; the eldest-born sons, who were the heirs expectant of that supremacy; the remaining children, who were the next inferiors; the women, whether married or single, who constituted the fourth class; and the slaves, who were the fifth and last.

Nor will any one maintain, that the despotisms, small and great, which rose from the ruins of the patriarchal reign, manifested any favor to this great social truth. The despot, claiming all authority for himself, sent his representatives into every province, who, in their turn, commissioned inferior servants, of different grades of power, down to the lowest menial of state. These ranks of officers, including the sovereign, formed the all-powerful minority in the social fabric; the people, on the other hand, classed according to their birth and wealth, though regarded as equals by the monarch—as, in his eye, they all were slaves—acknowledged numerous inequalities among themselves.

The limited monarchies, also, of all past time, so far from having encouraged the idea of equality among men, have been always based on the opposite principle. So true is this, that the illustrious writer above quoted, Montesquieu, hesitated not to assert, that, in a monarchy no one dreams of equality. "*Dans les monarchies et les etats despotiques, personne n'aspire a l'egalite; cela ne vient pas meme dans l'idee; chacun tend a la superiorite.*"

Republics, however, it would be supposed, must everywhere be founded on this great principle. Nothing is less sustained by fact. Until the erection of our American government, the idea of individual equality was never made the foundation of a state. The states of Greece, and the republic of Rome, I know, are freely quoted as specimens of that high civilization of which I speak; but not by those, who have studied the constitutions of those classic nations, or have read and recorded the confessions of their statesmen and philosophers.

Demetrius Phalereus, for example, numbered the inhabitants of far-famed Athens at twenty-one thousand citizens, ten thousand foreigners, and four hundred thousand slaves; and the latter, it must be remembered, among all the Greeks, were not blacks, but men of their own bone and blood. The citizens themselves had been divided, by Solon, into four classes, out of the first three of which only, in which were the men of wealth, could magistrates be elected; while the fourth, by far the largest of them all, as are the poor in nearly every land, had no voice in the execution of the laws.

At Sparta the number of citizens was fixed by law at ten thousand men; the remainder of its large population were slaves, who were chiefly Greeks; and the distinctions, established by Lycurgus, in imitation of the Cretan constitution, though founded apparently on nature, were fundamental to the Spartan state.

Rome came next, whose population was divided, by Servius Tullius, into six classes, which embraced one hundred and eighty-three subdivisions, called centuries; by putting all the wealthy citizens into the first centuries, the less rich into others following; and the great rabble-rout of the poor and miserable into the lowest, he made out a perfect classification; and then, giving to each century but a single voice in the affairs of state, he constituted wealth the great power by which the whole mechanism of society was propelled. In after times, during the palmy days of the republic, there were the two great classes of patricians and plebeians, the high-born and the low-born, whose broils terminated in its fall. The republic was superseded by the empire, which, at a single stroke of its powerful wand, leveled all former differences, to raise others of the most dangerous character, founded on the military system, by whose feuds the star of Roman glory sank to rise no more for ever.

I have been thus explicit in my statements, following most rigidly the demonstrations of history, in order to show the reader conclusively, that the idea of individual equality, that first great truth of the social state, was never properly understood by the most enlightened nations of former times; that our own republic, for the first time since the world was made, laid it down as the fundamental maxim of civilization, to be the basis of all our free institutions, of our social intercourse, and of our laws; and that, so far from borrowing it from any prior people, we have attained to it only in spite of all previous civilizations, having derived it directly, as well as indirectly, from the word of God.

As an idea, this maxim is found in the central principle of the Christian system, that, having all alike fallen from our high estate, we are now, in relation to the revealed plan of our restoration, all *individually* responsible to God for the right use of its merciful provisions. As a declaration, it is found in that general announcement, that God, in all his administration over us, "is no respecter of persons." As a precept, in which both the idea and the declaration are united, it is radically set forth in the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself*." This idea, this declaration, this precept, are all living in the heart of a true Christian, who, from the moment of his regeneration, puts them all in practice, making no difference between himself and the most humble, discarding all worldly distinctions, and associating with all men on an equal footing of friendly and even fraternal intercourse. The genuine disciple of our religion, in a word, is a true republican, the great champion of equality, in whose life the free spirit of Christianity attains to an actual, outstanding, visible existence.

The history of this fundamental principle, since its adoption by the great Anglo-American race, is a history of progress. The old Puritans, when on their first exile from their native land, scarcely perceived its entire nature, not fully knowing what manner of spirit they were of; and when they had settled upon these shores, and for a long time after, they failed to see it in all its fullness and splendor. It was only after the last

battle of the Revolution, when the glorious idea of equality was embodied in our Constitution, and the eyes of all men, at home and abroad, were gazing on it, that the modern and mature Puritan could, with the Stratford bard, exclaim—

"At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun."

From us this truth went out, on a conquering mission, to other lands. England first received it; and, instantly, her working masses, trodden by oppression to the dust, rose up in the majesty of their strength, demanding new privileges, more liberty, and a wider and freer theatre of life. Next it passed into France, where, after many fortunes, it has just now wrought redemption for that people, and given to the individual his true place. From France it has gone to Germany, reveling among the thrones and principalities of the old Teutonic race, where the Bible of Luther, with the imprint of freedom, of individual rights, on its opening page, shall yet triumph over the land of the brave and strong. From Germany, Italy must receive it, even at the cost of the Papal power; and when that power is humbled, when the star of that Remphan is fallen, Austria must wholly yield, having no longer a pretense for a vast standing army, as the great protector of the faith. The rest of Europe will be an easy conquest; for neither Spain nor Russia can long withstand the power of so much pent-up truth. In the former country there is no social strength; and in the latter, the spirit of old Sarmatia, and the energy of the unconquered Pole, still live to open the gates of the mighty north. Nor will Europe long limit the progress of this work. It shall hold sway over the habitations of Shem; it must rule in the tented villages of Ham; for the religion, the laws, the civilization of Japhet, our ancestral head, are destined, in us his last-begotten children, to reign without a rival over all lands. When that day shall come, the Bible will be universally regarded as the source of the first great principle of human freedom—the equality of man with man—on which, as on a rock, the temple of the world's liberty will be planted, to stand and endure through all ages.\*

The second duty of the individual, of *trust* in the authority of state, has also a progress, a history, to be delineated and written down. Indeed, a most interesting field of history, covering all the past, starts from this important point; and it has been almost entirely neglected, or overlooked, by both statesmen and philosophers from the first. The degree of confidence, reposed by individuals in the state, is the second leading index of the social condition of a nation; nor is any thing more clear, than that this trust is greater or less, according to the inherent character of that state.

If the character, therefore, of human government has been progressive, the degree of confidence entertained toward it by the individual has not been standing still.

The government of patriarchs, which is family government carried to excess, beyond the order and designs of nature, never secured the trust of its subjects. Founded, as it was, on an instinct, it was intended to serve mankind only till reason could take command; it was adapted merely to the immediate descendants of a father, over whom he had a temporal right of control;

\* This article was written a few days after the first French and German news reached this country, and before the revolution had gone to Italy and other countries. It would seem as if the very millenium of republicanism had begun.



but when pushed beyond its natural limits, so as to include all the branches, connections, and distant offshoots of a family, in whose lineal head all power was lodged, it became an absolute tyranny, where neither life, liberty, nor common happiness was safe. Small families, bound together by the closest ties of blood, are seldom preserved from jealousy, ambition, injustice, and mutual distrust; and certainly a large one, embracing multitudes of branches, reaching far beyond the bounds of natural affection, could not be less than a disjointed mass, rent by contending passions, or cowering beneath the sway of an oppressive lord. That lord, by the law of primogeniture, might chance to be a stripling, who, armed with the power of life and death, might rule with an iron rod; while hundreds of older men, with their wives and children, their property, and their cares, might be compelled to conceal their substance to save it from his grasp. In short, of all modes of government, of human society, the patriarchal was certainly the worst, in comparison of which despotism itself was an undeniable relief.

The despot, it must be remembered, held his authority by virtue of two rights—the right of nature and of conquest. In his own family he was “Sire” by birth; and over his other subjects he had acquired sovereignty by the laws of war. But the laws of war, after all, were laws—*leges*—the offspring of a crude reflection and agreement among nations. So far as they prevailed, they displaced the exclusive authority of a blind instinct, and introduced into society the first glimmerings of reason. The absoluteness of the patriarch was tempered by this mixture; and the despot, commuting the death due to captives taken in battle into regular tributes, and gradually extending the same privileges—*privi leges*—to his natural subjects, was more tolerable than his predecessor. Domestic life, by this change of authority, became more safe; property was freer from tyrannical depredations; and the individual could trust his *master* more than he could his *father*.

But I have no plea to offer for despotism; and it is with gladness that the eye runs along the track of history to the period of monarchy. The monarch, limited by a social compact, either implied or written, can rarely exert so much influence, as to take life or liberty without the form of law. His naked word has ceased to be the sole authority in his dominions. Nor are his subjects, like those of a despot, regarded either as his children, whom he has the natural right to rule or ruin at his will, or as state criminals, whose lives and fortunes have been forfeited in war. Both of these component ideas of despotism are greatly softened. The crowned man is now called king, or “the knowing and valiant,” as the word signifies in its root; and is either promoted by vote, like the old Frank and German chiefs, in view of his ability in the field, or is acknowledged for his wisdom, by the tacit consent of those over whom he reigns. “That which we call in one syllable *king*,” says Smith, an old English writer, (*Commonwealth of England*, book 1, chapter 9,) “the old Englishmen and the Saxons, from whom our tongue is derived, to this day call in two syllables, *cyning*, which, whether it cometh of *cen* or *ken*, which betokeneth to know or understand, or *can*, which betokeneth to be able, or to have power, I cannot tell;” but other writers, tracing the word to its origin, and sustaining themselves by the history of the most ancient tribes, have shown, beyond a doubt, that the kings of Europe were at first elected, who, on their assumption

of power, bound themselves to observe certain rights stated by those committing that power to their royal hands. These stipulations afterward became constitutions; and now, over all Europe, and in other quarters of the globe, monarchs are more or less limited by written or traditionary laws. These laws, too, unlike the laws of a despotism, are not military merely, taken from the usages of war, but civil and religious, extending to all the concerns of life; and the individual, though still oppressed, is released from many fears. He can own property, though he pays dearly for the right; his liberty is secure from lawless rapacity; his life he can now call his own; and, consequently, he commits himself, with all his interests, more unreservedly to the inspection and jurisdiction of the state.

But an elective, or a limited hereditary monarchy lies very open to abuse. The king, though elevated for his virtues, and perpetuated for his wise administration, may be visited by ambition. He must provide for his family; and what better provision than a crown? To transmit that crown, without failure, to his descendants, he must strengthen himself on the throne; his powers must be extended; the space between him and his subjects must be widened; and his right to govern, his natural right, must be asserted and maintained. Thus, from Saul to Cæsar, and from Cæsar to our own days, regal governments have successively degenerated into rank tyranny, before they had reached a great age. As nations were growing older, that tyranny was becoming worse; until, within the memory of the living, the patience of mankind, or of a large part of it, was quite exhausted; and a change of affairs was imperiously demanded in different quarters of the world. All known forms of government having been tried and found wanting—the patriarch, the despot, and the king having proved recreant to their trust—men now began to look toward the last resort. The people, so many times and so long betrayed, taking the republican principle from the word of God, and striking upon a new experiment, resolved to trust themselves. Never was a nobler or safer enterprise begun. The mass of men, in all nations, are honest, well-meaning, true-minded men; and here, in this land particularly, where the experiment was undertaken, the populace are generally enlightened and virtuous beyond their age. If we fail, human government may cease; for the world is not fit to stand, if man, under the full light of science and religion, cannot repose confidence in himself. But we can repose this confidence; we have safely done so for many years; the experiment is fully and fairly tried; and from us is going out a demonstration, which, in its progress, will overturn all other governments, and teach the doctrine of self-dependence to the masses of every nation of the earth.

It will be seen, as we approach the history of the third relation, of the state in reference to the individual, of which the idea of *protection* is the exponent, that the citizen of a country has reason to ask but two things of its rulers—to let him alone while in the exercise of his natural rights, and to compel all other citizens to do the same. This is the theory of all true government. Every man has a work to do, not only for himself, but for those dependent upon his exertions. This work no one can do but himself; and it is the business of his life to do it. He has, also, the natural right to fulfill his task; and it is the object of the social compact, as society is sometimes called, to protect him while fulfilling it.

By all good citizens, the individual is left free to do his own work without molestation; and the agreement between him and society is, that, while engaged in his natural calling, he shall be defended against the interference of the bad. Government, therefore, has been justly and nervously defined by revelation, as "*the punishment for evil-doers, and a praise for them that do well;*" and where this definition shall prevail, no tyranny over the unoffending individual, industrious in the execution of life's great work, can prevail. The good citizen lives just as he would, were there no government at all; and, in a free country, where the laws are faithfully carried out, the wicked are compelled to live, outwardly at least, as the right-minded do from choice. This, as I understand it, after all the perplexing things written by politicians, is the essence of the social state.

But the idea of protection must be organized, in order to have any force; and this organization must be supported by those, for whose benefit it is reared. If, while pursuing my proper work, my enemy infringes upon my rights, I must have near me a representative of the social idea, of this mutual protection, in whose hands I can deposit my complaint; that representative must have his minister to call the offender to account; there must then be an organic method, confided to certain men, by which the justness of the accusation can be tried; to defend both parties against domestic prejudices, and against personal popularity or unpopularity at home, and for other similar causes, higher tribunals must be established, to which such actions can be carried, beyond the reach of all private influences and feuds; and, that all these judicial bodies shall have a known, a uniform, and a just system of laws, by which their decisions are to be governed, legislative assemblies must be held, for the enactment of rules and regulations for the general intercourse. This is the entire substance and significance of what is called government, with its executive, judicial, and legislative powers; all of which, it is seen, are for the control or punishment of the bad; and this only as a means to the great social end—the protection of the individual, whether good or bad, in the enjoyment of his natural rights, while engaged in the grand enterprise of life.

But the theory of human government, and the practice of nations, ancient and modern, are not at all times the same. In the patriarchal sovereignty, the idea of protection, as applied to the individual, is reduced to zero, because the child has nothing to be protected, his substance, his liberty, his life, being the property of his father. The despot, on the other hand, though claiming the abstract right of property in his subjects, sells them the use of their faculties, bodily and mental, to some limited extent, for a premium paid as tribute; and all the protection they expect, or ask for, is, that the collectors of this tribute shall not oppress them beyond their ability to endure; but this, small as it is, is better than the unbounded tyranny of patriarchal rule. The limited monarch, as head of the next higher and freer form of government, first hears the doctrine of personal rights, which his subjects keep continually dinning in his ears, till, weary of their clamor, or fearful of their rising self-consciousness, he consents to sign a written contract, or constitution, which asserts the individual as one of the powers of state. But these forced covenants are seldom kept:

"The man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still;"

transgression treads upon transgression, until the patience of the people can hold out no more. Then, where the Bible has been read, where men begin to feel their personal responsibilities to God, and as soon as they are determined that those responsibilities cannot be delegated or given up, the deed is done—the state is revolutionized—a new compact is formed, where the individuals, as free and independent *equals*, commit themselves into the hands of society as sacred *trusts*, for the sole end of personal *protection*, retaining the full use of all their faculties in the prosecution of the great purposes of life.

Such a compact, I entreat the reader to perceive, is nothing less than a republic; all its component ideas are ideas taken from revelation; and, consequently, as the world will hereafter see and acknowledge, the Bible is the great charter of American liberty, the pledge of human freedom, and the power propelling mankind in the career of endless progress.

As the grand result of past progress, we are now living in better condition, inhabiting better houses, wearing better apparel, sitting at more luxuriant tables, possessing a richer store of knowledge, reveling in a wider theatre of art and invention, making more wonderful discoveries in philosophy and science, exhibiting a more general and popular diffusion of virtue, enjoying a profounder and holier appreciation of religion, and, in all respects, filling up the measure of a purer and loftier civilization, than the world has ever known from the dawn of the primeval ages.

This, reader, is the conclusion to which I have been looking, and for which, from the first, I have been carefully preparing. It is true, I might have asserted it in a single paragraph, and thus saved to myself the labor of so much writing, and to you the drudgery of such an amount of reading. But, as I do not myself enjoy that kind of composition, which deals in mere rhapsodies, based on naked assumptions, or in sentimentalisms without fact or foundation, I have treated you as I would be treated. You have been led along a highway illumined by the clear light of history. You have been walking on a solid, rocky, granite foundation. You can now lay up, in your memory, the conclusion to which you have been conducted, as a demonstration. We are the first people, in whose glorious institutions the ideas of personal equality, of popular trust, and of social protection, the three components of human liberty, are blended. These ideas were given us from heaven, as taught in the true Church—as recorded in the blessed Bible. That book, we see, is at the centre of all human progress. It is the big heart of civilization, which, through the thousand avenues of state, is for ever pushing and pulsating the warm tides of life to the most distant extremities. Let that heart beat on, my reader, and it will ever maintain the health and vigor of our free institutions; these, as exponents, as paragons, as exemplars, will gradually change the aspect of nations, and mold the character of foreign countries; and, finally, in a day not far distant, perhaps before the reader and the writer lie down in death, the wide earth shall become the common theatre of civil liberty, and the onward and endless progress of society shall be secured, in the deep and permanent homage paid to the free spirit of the Bible:

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travelers,  
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high,



Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray  
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,  
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight—  
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural light."

I add no more, but ask my reader to verify my positions for himself, that, from this moment, he may have a higher and holier sense of obligation to that spirit of liberty emanating from revelation.

FRIEDERICH DER GROSSE.

IN one of the English reviews, of a recent date, I find a very interesting account of the private life of Frederick the Great, late King of Prussia, whose character and opinions made so deep an impression on his country and his age. The following extract, giving his biography for a day, will be particularly acceptable to those of my readers, who are not otherwise informed of the manner in which some crowned men spend their time; but it is necessary to remark, that the majority of monarchs, both of ancient and of more recent date, are far from maintaining an equal industry in the duties of their exalted post. James the First, it is said, wasted the half of his years, after he came to the English throne, in the sports and dissipations of the chase; while several of the French sovereigns were so disinclined to all public business, that they gave up the government into the hands of their ministers, caring for little beside their own gratification in all sensual delights. One of them, in fact, who was of the Bourbon line, was reduced, by his excesses, to idiocy, and even went into his garden, and, telling his gardener that his king had become a cabbage, commanded the trembling knight of the rake and spade to make a hill round him with his hoe. That Bourbon, however, was not the first nor the last cabbage-head that has worn a crown; and the reader, who has any acquaintance with the life and manners of these men called kings, will doubtless mark the general conduct of Frederick with merited applause:

"The value of early hours had been felt by Frederick in his campaigns, especially when opposed to indolent and luxurious courtiers like the Prince de Soubise. '*Je pense bien*,' says Voltaire, 30th March, 1759—he is addressing Frederick and alluding to Soubise)—'*que celui qui met ses bottes à quatre heures du matin a un grand avantage au jeu contre celui qui monte en carrosse à midi*.' These early habits of Frederick were continued in his years of peace. In summer he usually rose at three, seldom ever after four; in winter he was scarcely an hour later. During the prime of his manhood five or six hours of sleep sufficed him; but in his old age the term was extended to seven or eight. His ablutions, when performed at all, were slight and few. While still in the hands of his hair-dresser, he opened his first packet of letters from Berlin; this packet contained only such letters as, either by their seals or by post-office notices, were known to come from Prussian nobles. All other letters of subjects not of noble birth were opened by some one of the four cabinet-secretaries. How would his Prussian majesty, thus nice in matters of epistolary etiquet, have stared at Sir Robert Walpole, of whom it is recorded that, whenever a batch of letters reached him from the country, that

from his gamekeeper was always the first which he perused!

"The king next proceeded to dress himself, and put on his hat, which he wore almost constantly within doors, and took off only during interviews with persons of high birth and at dinner time. His strict economy was manifest in his dress, for his uniforms were usually patched and thread-bare, while his boots, from age and want of blacking, appeared of a tawny red. Two of the cabinet-secretaries now laid before him extracts of the letters which they had opened, together with various petitions and memorials. The adjutant of the royal guard brought a report of all strangers who had either arrived at or departed from Potsdam the day before. A similar report as to Berlin had already reached the king, inclosed in the first packet of letters. Next came the adjutant-general, with whom Frederick was wont, day by day, to discuss and decide all the affairs of the army.

"Having dispatched these affairs, Frederick passed into his writing-room, where he began by drinking off several glasses of cold water flavored with fennel-leaves, and employed himself with replies to his letters and notes on his memorials. At intervals he used to sip several cups of coffee, which, in the last twenty years of his life, were always mingled with mustard. Not unfrequently, also, he indulged in a little fruit, which stood ready on the side-table; of stone-fruit, above all, he was passionately fond. Parsimonious as he seemed on most occasions, he would buy the earliest forced cherries in the months of December and January for his private eating at the rate of two dollars each.

"While still in his writing-room Frederick allowed himself daily half an hour's relaxation with his flute. But even this short relaxation was by no means lost time so far as business was concerned. He once said to d'Alembert, that, during his musical exercises, he was accustomed to turn over in his mind his affairs of state, and that several of his happiest thoughts for their administration had occurred to him at those times.

"Between eight and ten o'clock the king received the cabinet-secretaries separately, and gave them his instructions. These men, though inferior both in rank and salary, were the chief instruments of his sovereign will: for it is not the least among the singularities of his government, that only by exception, and on special occasions, did Frederick ever see his own ministers. It was in writing that they sent him their reports—it was in writing that he sent them his commands.

"After the cabinet-secretaries had been dispatched, the occupations of Frederick until dinner were not so uniformly fixed as the preceding. Sometimes he attended the review of his guards at eleven; sometimes took a ride, sometimes a walk, sometimes read aloud to himself, and sometimes granted audiences. In these—at least with respect to his own subjects who were not of noble birth, nor admitted to his familiar intercourse—no eastern sultan ever maintained more haughty state. We have now lying before us two reports of interviews, as printed in the appendix to one of Dr. Preuss' volumes; the one from a president of the *Chambre des Domaines* at Cleves, the other from his colleague, a second president at Aurich; and it appears incidentally that, although both of them parted from the king with full assurances of his approbation and favor, they were not admitted to kiss his hand, but only his coat!

"But whatever might be the previous occupations, as

the clock struck noon Frederick sat down to dinner. In his youth twelve had been the dinner-hour for all classes at Berlin; nay, his ancestor, the great elector, had always dined at eleven. But before the close of Frederick's reign the people of fashion gradually extended the hour till two; and ever since, at Berlin, as elsewhere, it has become later and later. Well may a French novelist of our own time exclaim, '*Tous les jours on dine plus tard; incessamment on ne dinera plus du tout!*'

"Since the close of the Seven Years' War, Frederick had renounced suppers, and dinner became, with him, as with Prince Talleyrand, his single daily meal. The king was a *gourmand* of the first water; and had he survived till 1802, would no doubt have received the honorary presidency of the *Jury Degustateur*; or the dedication of Grimod de la Reynière's '*Almanach*,' preferably even to the second consul, Cambacérès. The bill of fare was daily laid before his majesty, comprising not merely a list of the dishes, but the name of the cook by whom each dish was to be dressed; and these bills of fare were always well considered, and often corrected and amended by the royal hand. Sometimes, when they gave promise of some novel experiment or favorite dainty—as *polentas* and eel-pies—the king, in his eagerness, would order the dinner to be brought in ten or twelve minutes earlier than the appointed hour. After dinner he used to mark with a cross the names of those dishes which had afforded him particular pleasure. Of wine he drank sparingly; his favorite vintage being from the banks of the Dordogne, and in general diluted with water.

"The king's meals, however, were highly social as well as gastronomic. He frequently invited guests in numbers varying from seven to ten, and entertained them with a varied and never-failing flow of conversation. There was no limitation as to rank in those whom he invited, nor any arrogance of royalty in his behavior toward them; but they suffered unmercifully from his wit, or as his butts, for he especially delighted in such jests as were most likely to give pain. Thus, then, came his guests, half pleased and half afraid—

*'In quorum facie misera magnæque sedebat  
Pallor amicitie.'*

Politics, religion, and history, with anecdotes of court and war, jocular and serious, were his favorite topics, and were always treated with entire freedom and unreserve. When the guests amused him, or when the conversation took a more than usually interesting turn, the sitting was sometimes protracted from noon till past four o'clock; in general, however, it ended much sooner.

"On rising from table Frederick allowed himself another half hour with his flute; after which the cabinet-secretaries brought in the letters which he had directed or dictated, and which now came before him again transcribed and ready for his signature. It was not unusual for the king, when signing, to enforce the object of the letter by adding to it a few clear sharp words. Many of these postscripts are still preserved. Thus, when he replied to an application for money, there are sometimes found appended in the royal handwriting such phrases as, 'I cannot give a single *groschen*,' or, 'I am now as poor as Job.' Thus, when the celebrated singer, Madame Mara, sent him a long memorial against some intended arrangements at the opera, the king's postscript is, '*Elle est payée pour chanter et non pas écrire.*' Thus, again, when a veteran general had asked permis-

sion to retire, the official answer bids him reconsider his request, and there follows, *manu propria*, the significant remark, 'The hens that will not lay I will not feed!'

"When this correspondence was completed, the king sometimes took a walk—out of doors if the weather was fine, or through his saloons if it rained. Sometimes he conversed with his friend Colonel Guichard, whom he had by patent new-named Quintus Icilius, or some other staff-officer; sometimes he received the artists who had executed his commissions, or who brought him their works to view. But whenever his leisure served, the hours between four and six, or what remained of them, were devoted to his literary labors. It was during this interval that he composed nearly all the volumes in prose and verse which are now to be reprinted. Numerous, indeed, they are.

"From six till seven o'clock the king had usually a small concert, in which only musicians or a few amateurs of the highest rank were admitted, and in which he himself played the flute. By long practice he had acquired excellent skill with that instrument. In his very last years, however, the decay of his front teeth deprived him of this daily recreation. Thus losing the power to execute, he lost also the wish to hear, music; and from that time forward he seldom appeared at any concert.

"During Frederick's earlier years his suppers had become justly renowned from the wit of the guests whom he there gathered round him, and from his own. But when, after 1763, the king discontinued his suppers, the void thus left in his evenings was supplied by still frequently receiving a circle of distinguished men, as some of his generals, the Marquis d'Argens, Lord Marischal, and Lucchesini. His usual plan was to begin by reading aloud to them a passage from some book, which served as a kind of text for the lively conversation which ensued. During the rest of the evening, or for the whole of it when no visitors came, the king was read to by one or more *lecteurs*, selecting either original French works or translations into French of the Greek and Latin classics. At about nine o'clock he went to bed."

#### CLEOPATRA'S BARGE.

THERE is probably no piece of mere description more graphic than the following from the pen of the Stratford poet:

"The barge she sat in like a burnished throne  
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.

"For her own person,  
It beggared all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her,  
Stood pretty, dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.

"At the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone."



## NOTICES.

**SKETCHES OF WESLEYAN PREACHERS.** By Robert A. West. George Peck, Editor. New York: Lane & Tippet. 1848.—We read these Sketches, as they appeared in the Christian Advocate and Journal, with great pleasure and satisfaction. Those added since, and now for the first time published, we have not read, but have reason to presume them equal to their predecessors. We heartily recommend the book to those who wish to be acquainted with the traits of the Wesleyan preachers of modern times.

**HACTENUS:** *more dropping from the pen that wrote "Proverbial Philosophy."* Charles H. Pierce: Boston. 1848.—Martin Farquar Tupper, the writer of this volume, is praised by all pure-minded men, both editors and readers, and abused by all who hate to see evangelical truth put into poetry. No more need be said at present. This volume, though not equal to his Proverbial Philosophy, is worth a bushel of common rhymes and metres.

**PATH OF LIFE; or, Sketches of the Way to Glory and Immortality.** By Rev. Daniel Wise. Charles H. Pierce: Boston. 1848.—From our long experience with the author of this book, and from our knowledge of his piety and of his style of writing, we can assure the reader, that the Path of Life is a work worthy of his notice. We have been pleased and profited by the slight perusal we have been able to give it.

**LIFE OF GIDEON OUSLEY.** George Peck, Editor. Lane & Tippet: New York. 1848.—No eulogy of this book need be written. The reading world has pronounced its own judgment on it long ago. We hope and pray it may have an extensive circulation.

**FULFILLMENT OF SCRIPTURE PROPHECY, as exhibited in Ancient History and Modern Travels.** By Stephen B. Wickens. Lane & Tippet: New York. 1847.—This is perhaps the best manual on the subject extant. It affords a powerful argument in favor of the authenticity of the Bible in a style at once graphic, concise, and entertaining. It is a fine thing for young persons, whom it will greatly aid by making good impressions on them in favor of the inspiration of the Scriptures.

**PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, from this world to that which is to come: delivered under the similitude of a dream.** By John Bunyan, with Notes and Introduction by Stephen B. Wickens. George Peck, Editor. Lane & Tippet: New York. 1848.—What more can be said than has been said, of this great epic poem in prose, that has long since secured an immortality of renown? It will be read as long as the Iliad, or Paradise Lost, or any other work in any language. The public will welcome this new and beautiful edition.

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April, 1848,** George Peck, Editor, is one of the richest ever published of that sterling work. Having read most of the articles, we are prepared to speak of it with confidence. The articles by Dr. Floy, Dr. J. T. Peck, and President Wentworth, we regard as able pieces; but the crowning article, we think, is "Neander's Life of Christ," by Dr. Philip Schaff, a new contributor. It exhibits genuine learning, true sentiment, sound sense, and good philosophy; and, withal, it is written in better English, though the author is a German, than is found in some of the other contributors to this number.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHEN the June number reaches the hands of its fair readers, we shall be, we expect, roving over the hills and through the quiet valleys of the upper country. Having been so long immured within the sombre walls of our office, we rejoice in the prospect of once more getting out to daylight, where God's glorious sun enlightens the face of smiling nature. We shall be happy, if, by chance, we fall in with some of our good readers.

Our correspondents have our thanks for their furnishings to this number. J. C. P. shall appear in a month or two. D. T.'s piece, though able, is too lengthy for our columns. We are sorry for it. His pieces are read with pleasure. "Creation," also, is too long for insertion. Smyrna mistakes. We did not mean him in our remarks in a former table. We referred to another article. We have many—very many—articles on hand, and shall dispose of them as soon as possible. When we came to this office, it was with difficulty we could get suitable matter enough to fill our pages; but, by dint of perseverance, and by the kindness of the writing public, we have a long list of able contributors, whose communications have come upon us like a shower of blessings. Let not the shower cease. To the whole cloud of our correspondents, new and old, we say—Rain while we reign. We care not if you fall upon us in a perfect tempest. We can stand any kind of weather.

Our readers will perceive that the news from Europe continues to be encouraging. There will be, of course, some discouragements, some appearances of a doubtful character, some things to make the American patriot hesitate a little. But, upon the whole, all is right. The world is out of all patience with tyranny, slavery, and oppression. Nor is it to be expected, that people, so long kept in bondage and darkness, will act with due soberness the day their chains fall off of them. Blame them not, then, for occasional excesses. It is the jubilee of human freedom. It is the greatest day since the Reformation started by the monk of Erfurt. Go on, glorious freedom! go on, till the world is free, till the Bible is universally respected, till the people are regarded of more value than the men that rule them!

"The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed his word, his saving power remains,  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns."

We have received many new works from the principal publishers, east and west, which we are compelled to lay over to another issue.

We have heard no complaints, this year, respecting the failure of the work's getting safely into the hands of subscribers. It would be strange, however, considering the frequent accusations made against the mails, if, out of eight thousand, there was not a single failure now and then. We can assure our readers, nevertheless, that the Repository is mailed punctually at the Cincinnati, New York, and Boston post-offices; so that, if there be a mistake, the publishers are not at fault for it.

It appears, from the very latest accounts from Europe, up to this date, (April 25th,) that there are fears of the stability of the French revolution. Perhaps, before this note gets into the hands of our readers, more alarming facts may occur. Do we not see, in all these modern revolutions, that nothing is safe, as the basis of reform, but the word of God?



### THE CLOUDS.

BY MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

How beautiful, most beautiful,  
These floating visions be!  
They melt before our wondering eyes,  
Like moonlight on the sea.

I've gazed upon their varying forms,  
Their ever-changing dye,  
Till fancy deemed that angel wings  
Were hovering in our sky.

When tones of melting cadence sweet  
Steal softly o'er the lea,  
I dream these wandering minstrel clouds  
Are chanting hymns to me.

They paint on my enraptured soul  
Such images of bliss,  
They half uncurtain to my view  
A brighter world than this.

But most I love to gaze upon  
Their soft embedded form,  
When, like some airy vehicle,  
They ride above the storm—

To think them some ethereal couch,  
By waiting angels press'd,  
Whereon the storm-tost, weary soul,  
Released from earth, finds rest.









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